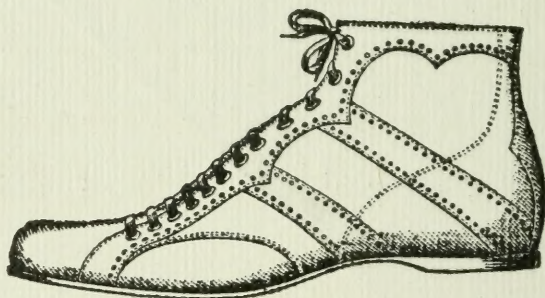


The
Saint
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College
Review

Christmas
1915



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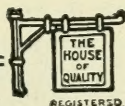
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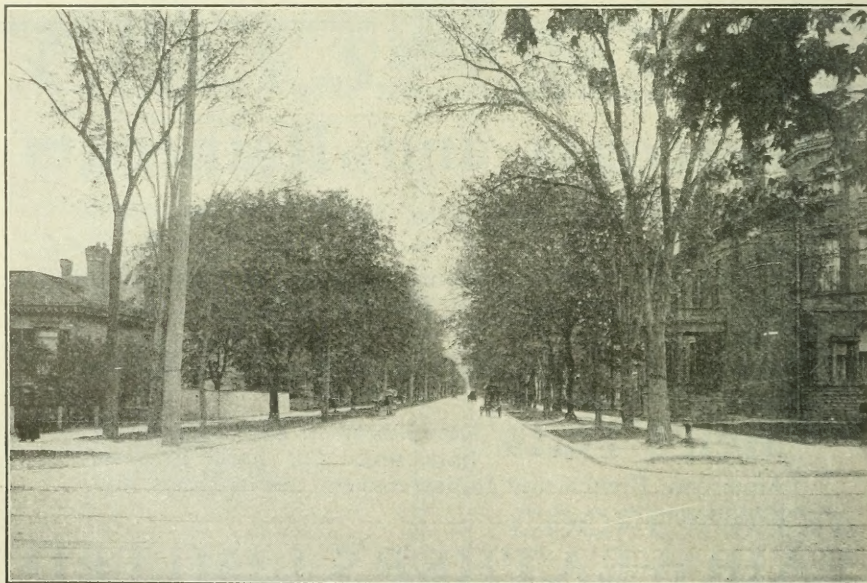
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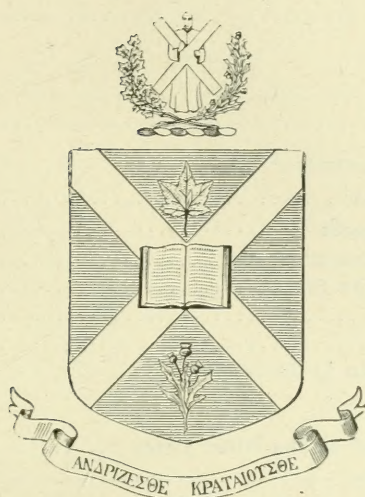
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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1915

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Pictures)

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Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

CHRISTMAS, 1915

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Our Christmas Card

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1915

Editorial

THE season of Peace and Good-will finds our Empire still in a state of war. Since our last Christmas number was issued, indeed, the great conflict has intensified in bitterness, and widened in its scope almost to world-embracing dimensions. In this struggle the Old Boys of St. Andrew's College have played, and are playing, their part, we think not unworthily. We publish in this issue an addition of over ninety names to the hundred and fifty which appeared on the Roll of Honour in our midsummer number. Allowing for the many names not yet reported to us, there must be fully thirty-three per cent. of St. Andrew's Old Boys now serving in the Empire's Forces.

FEW among us—even of those whose privilege it is to take an active part in the mighty drama—can realize now the greatness of the events that are happening, the far-reaching social and political changes that are being effected before our eyes. It is natural that the struggle itself—the romantic tales of heroism and adventure, on land and water and in the air—should chiefly occupy the minds of boys. This has shown itself in the character of the contributions sent in to us for publication, some of which, for the sake of variety, we have been obliged to reject.

BEFORE the war (how far away that time seems now!) we were wont to picture to ourselves, with a kind of envy, the feelings of a schoolboy who lived in the days of Nelson and Wellington. The events through which we are passing will probably be looked back upon as greater and more decisive in history than even those of Napoleonic times. The Ballantynes and Hentys of the future, too, will have material and to spare for the

entertainment of our descendants. But posterity will be inquisitive about even *us*, at home or at school in Canada. Everyone will be curious to know how we took it all—what life was like in the stirring days of the early Twentieth Century.

PERHAPS some learned historian of the future, on the hunt for social material, may light upon this magazine, and cast a glance of critical interest over its contents; or it may well happen that on a far distant Christmas evening some gray-bearded grandsire of that time—now a boy in the Lower School—when his grandchildren call for stories of the great War-Time, may produce, from among the hoarded relics of his eventful youth these pages, *now* glossy, and redolent of approaching holidays, *then* faded and yellow with age. He may point—who knows?—to this face among our portrait-groups, or that name among our contributors, and proudly tell that he was a schoolfellow of the coming great Warrior or Statesman or Author. Our quaint attempts at humour will provoke a tolerant smile—now perhaps denied them—from the terrible *fin-de-siecle* youth of that day. Time will have added a flavour of further ripeness to our jokes. Let us hope at all events that, whether now or then, our critics will find it possible to

Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our virtues wondrous kind.

AS to our *virtues*, we have little doubt that the Christmas Card which forms our frontispiece will be set down on that side of the account by all past and present members of the School. In publishing it we have had particularly in mind the many Old Boys now on service abroad, each of whom we should like to receive a copy of the magazine. By one person only will it be reckoned as a *fault*, and that person is the subject of the picture herself, whom we have not consulted, and whose indignant protests we hope to bear with greater equanimity, feeling, as we do, so completely assured of the appreciation of our readers.

HONOUR ROLL—Continued

This list, which contains about ninety names additional to those published in our Midsummer Number, is, we feel, far from complete. Fresh names of Old Boys with the Colours are constantly coming to hand. The list is as accurate and as full as present information permits. The Headmaster will be grateful to have any errors pointed out, and for news of additions that should be made. We propose to publish at Midsummer an illustrated Supplement to the REVIEW, containing a revised list of St. Andrew's Old Boys and Masters known to be serving in the Imperial Forces.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con. tin'gt. Home.	St. Andrew's College.
<i>Masters.</i>				
Blanchard, A. . .	Lieut.	76th Rifles (Halifax) . .	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Macdonnell, H. .	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston . . .	1913-15
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	London, Eng.	1908-15
<i>Old Boys.</i>				
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	16th Batt. Royal Fusiliers	2nd Vancouver .	1910-11
Beasley, P. E. . . .	Flying Sub. Lt.	Aviation	Victoria . . .	1911-12
Beecroft, H. T. . . .	3rd University Co.		Edmonton, Alta	1912-13
Bell, W. G.	Lieut.	92nd Batt. Assist. Adjt.	Toronto . . .	1900-09
Blake, G. E.	2nd Lt.	Oxfords and Bucks L.I.	Toronto . . .	1901-02
Bowden, H.		Army Service Corps, No. 510202	Toronto . . .	1908-09
Brown, R. A. . . .	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1908-14
Carlyle, D. B. . . .	Lieut.	95th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1908-12
Chase, Geo. A. . . .	Sergt.	C. Squad, 2nd Brigade.	3rd Fort Wil- liams . . .	1904-06
Chesnut, A. W. . . .		4th University Co.	Toronto . . .	1902-07
Christie, W. L. . . .	Lieut.	35th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-07
Clarke, A. R. S. . . .		Dorsetshire Regiment..	1st Toronto . . .	1901-02
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.	Toronto . . .	1909-14
Cochrane, O. D. . .	Lieut.	A.D.C. 48th Highlanders	Ottawa . . .	1905-08
Corbould, C. E. B. . . .			New West- minster . .	1905-08
Cotton, C. D. . . .	Lieut.	Machine Gun Section, 83rd Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-04
Cotton, H. H. . . .		2nd Brigade, C.M.R. . . .	Cowansville.	1910-12
Cousins, G. A. . . .		3rd Can. Mounted Rifles	Medicine Hat	1904
Crothers, W. G. . .	Lieut.	In charge of Transport.	Ottawa . . .	1912-13
Devlin, H. S. . . .	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Stayner . . .	1911-12
Dickson, Ivan W. . . .		M.B.	Toronto . .	1899-1905
Dimock, G. F. . . .	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto . . .	1910-15
Diver, F. G.		45th Regiment	Toronto . . .	1904-06
Doherty, H. J. . . .	Pte.	45th Battalion	Edmonton .	1904-05
Donald, H. H. . . .	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-07

Douglas, G. K. Aquatic Battery	Toronto	1906-09
Fleming, Paul R.	Lieut. Grenadiers	Toronto	1906-07
Forge, J. Lieut. 92nd Highlanders	Pembroke	1904-07
Frith, Ed. V. 3rd Divisional Cyclists.	Hamilton, Bermuda.	1907-10
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut. 123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-10
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut. 75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-10
Galbraith, D. W.			
B. Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation	Carleton Pl.	1914-15
Gauld, W. H.	Pte. Cycle Corps	Japan	1911-12
Gibson, W. O. 7th Bde., 25th Battery.	1st Toronto	1907
Gooderham,			
Grant..Flying Sub-Lt.	Aviation	Toronto	1906-10
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	2nd Vancouver.	1908-10
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut. B. Reserve Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery	Toronto	1911-13
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt. Grenadiers, 123rd Batt.	Toronto	1908-09
Hanna, W. B.	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1903-07
*Herald, R. E. 16th Battalion	1st Vancouver.	1910-11
Higinbotham,			
H. T. Lieut. 34th Battalion	Toronto	1907-09
Hume, R. Fred. At the Dardanelles....	Vancouver	1911-12
Jones-Bateman,			
B. W. Corp. 33rd Batt., Mach. Gun Section	Toronto	1909-13
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut. 75th Battalion	Toronto	1903-10
Kemp, C. Lieut. Army Service Corps...	Toronto	1903-09
Kilgour, A.			
...Sub. Flight Lieut.	Aviation	Toronto	1900-11
Kilgour, Ashley.	Lieut. Howitzer Battery	2nd Toronto	1900-07
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut. 81st Battalion	Toronto	1905-07
Lash, G. H. G. 4th University Co....	Toronto	1910-13
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt. Paymaster 30th Ottawa Rifles	Gore Bay	1903-06
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut. Grenadiers	Toronto	1907-14
Leishman, R. C. Mississauga Horse	Toronto	1909-15
Leishman, W. H.	Gunner 34th Battery	Toronto	1905-09
Lennard, H. G.	Pte. No. 58316, Machine Gun Section, 20th Batt., 4th Brigade	Dundas	1908-10
Lightbourn, A. H.	Pte. Volunteer Corps, Home Defence	Paget, Ber- muda	1908-09
Lightbourn, G. O.	Lieut. 109th Regiment	Toronto	1903-08
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut. 75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-14
Loudon, L. B. M.	Lieut. Detention Camp, on duty	Toronto	1902-06
Lowes, A. T. Lieut. 56th Battalion	Calgary	1906-07
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut. Army Service Corps...	Toronto	1906-12
Lytle, W. H. Capt. Grenadiers	Toronto	1904-08
McIntosh, P. D. On duty at Detention Camp, Cochrane	Toronto	1903-13
McQueen, H. M. 70th Batt., Signal Sec.	Petrolia	1912-13
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut. Machine Gun Officer, 2nd Can. Pioneer Bat.	Montreal	1907-08
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	London, Ont.	1914-15
MacLaren, K. B.	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1903-07
Macpherson, C.	Corp. 3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Glenallen	1911-15

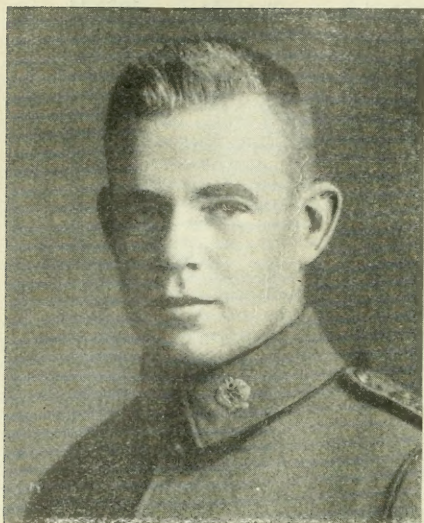
*Killed at Ypres, April, 1914.

Mickleborough,

K.	Capt. "A" Co., 84th Battalion	Toronto	1905-14
Moffat, A. B.	Lieut. R. A. M. C.	Toronto	1899-1906
Morton, D. R.	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1909-11
Mulligan, W. R.	Lord Strathcona Horse 1st	Regina	1911
Munn, W. L. G.	Newfoundland Reg't...	St. John's..	1910-14
Munro, Elmer...	34th Battalion	Toronto	1904-09
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	Dunnville .	1906-11
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut. 83rd Battalion	Toronto	1900-02
Nelson, Gregory.	Lieut. 83rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-11
Page, F. P.	Lieut. 81st Battalion	Toronto	1902
Rand, E. A.	Lieut. 47th Battalion	New West-	
		minster .	1912-13
Rice, S. G.	Sergt. 31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-12
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut. 8th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1906-09
Ross, G. F.			
... Flying Sub-	Lieut. Aviation	Toronto	1901-13
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut. 4th Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1905-10
Skead, E. S.	Lieut. Imperial Army	Ottawa	1909-10
Snow, G. A.	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1907-12
Sykes, H. H.		Toronto	1909-10
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut. 35th Battalion	Toronto	1907
Travis, C. W.	Lieut. Hamilton Machine Gun		
	Battalion	Sydney, N.S.	1911-14
Trow, Geo.	Gunner Canadian Artillery, 4th		
	Brigade	Toronto	1905-08
Vallance, A.	Lieut. Hamilton Machine Gun		
	Battalion	Hamilton ..	1909-11
Wallace, G. H.	Army Medical Corps...	New York...	1901-04
Warrington, J. S.	Lieut. 81st Battalion	Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. S.	Lieut. Hamilton Sportsmen's		
	Battery	Brantford ..	1907-10
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut. Grenadiers	Toronto	1903-10

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

Abendana, E. M., trying for Lieutenancy....	1905-1909
Angstrom, L. C., aviation	1903-1908
Alexander, G. P., School of Aviation	1904-1913
Broderick, F. N.	1906-1912
Burns, E. A.	1903-1908
Crawford, Hume	1906-1911
DeBeck, V.	1911-1913
Foster, Fred., aviation	1908-1909
Gordon, Stanley	1910-1914
Haywood, A. P., Royal Naval Air Service	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U., Royal Naval Air Service	1904-1907
Henry, Clifford, taking course at Armouries. .	1910-1913
Lee, Stanley, aviation	1900-1906
Malcolm, E. B.	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	1910-1912
Matheson, Drummond, aviation	1905-1910
Parsons, Mike	
Ramsay, A. R.	1902-1908
Rogers, Clarence, aviation	1902-1909
Smith, E. M., aviation	1904-1910
Stephen, F. J., aviation	1909-1912
Smith, Langley, F. W., aviation	1910-1912
Wallace, Edgar	1909-1912
West, R. R., 99th Manitoba Rangers	1906-1912
Wallace, Eric	1911-1914



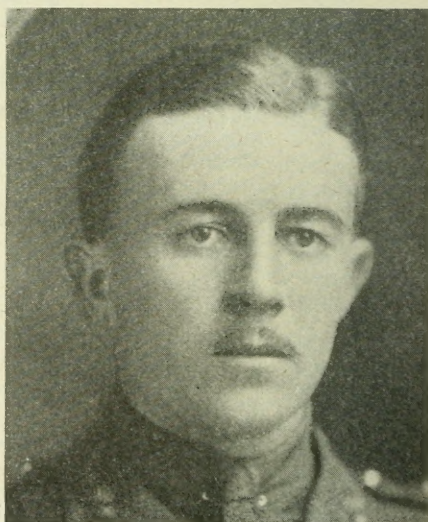
Lieut. S. C. R. Riches,
5th Canadian Mounted Rifles. S.A.C., 1906-09.



Capt. R. Buscombe,
3rd Battalion. Killed in action June 19th,
1915. S.A.C., 1911.



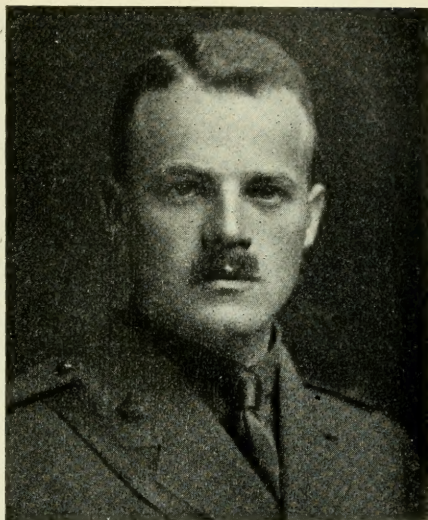
Gunner W. H. Leishman,
34th Battery. S.A.C., 1905-09.



Lieut. T. I. Findley,
26th Battery, 7th Brigade. S.A.C., 1906-14.



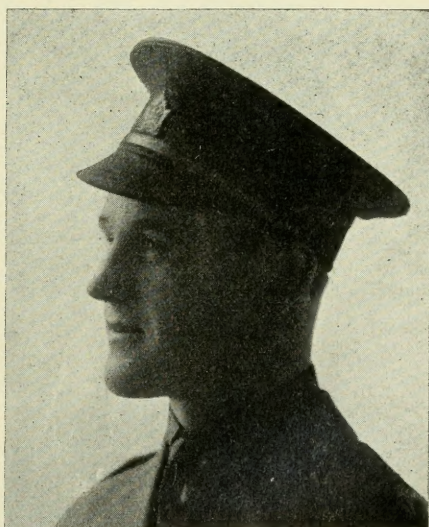
Sub. Flight-Lieut. Arthur Kilgour,
Aviation. S.A.C., 1900-11.



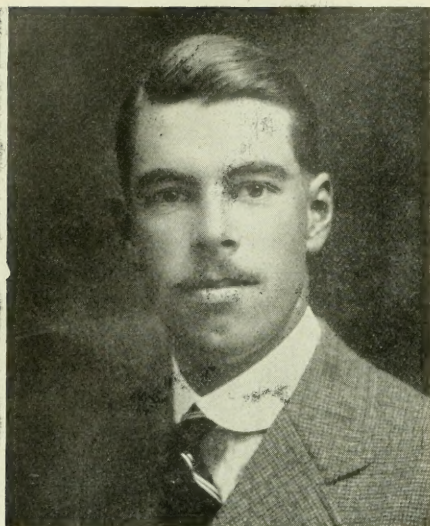
Lieut. D. G. McIntosh,
34th Battalion. S.A.C., 1902-07.



Lieut. G. Campbell,
34th Battalion. S.A.C., 1904-09.



Lieut. G. Campbell,
40th Battalion. S.A.C., 1906-11.



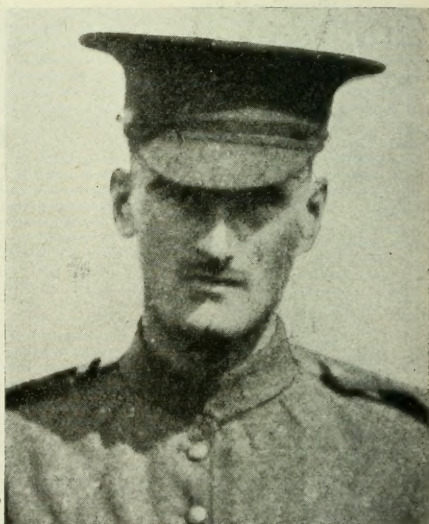
Lieut. F. C. Hamilton,
B. Reserve Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery.
S.A.C., 1911-13.



Lieut. R. A. Brown,
15th Battalion. S.A.C., 1908-14.



Lieut. M. E. Malone,
15th Battalion. S.A.C., 1907-13.



Pte. Gerrie Burk,
8th Battalion. Prisoner of War in Germany.
S.A.C., 1906-07.

PRIZE DAY

St. Andrew's Day was the date appropriately chosen for prize giving this year. There was a large attendance. On the platform were, among others, His Honour Sir John Hendrie, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Archdeacon Cody, President Falconer, Professors Wrong and Baker, who all made happy speeches. The Headmaster's address was naturally devoted largely to an account of what has been done and is being done by past and present members of the School, by military service or financial effort, towards war purposes, the audience standing when the list of those who have given their lives for their country was read. Lady Hendrie, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Donald and Miss O'Brien also kindly presented some of the prizes.

PRIZE LIST, 1914-1915.

A. FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

Preparatory Form.

Group A—1st, Blomfield I, V. E.; 2nd, Montgomery.

Group B—1st, Rogers.

Group C—1st, Smart.

Form I.

First, Calvert II, L.P.; 2nd, Brown.

Form II.

First, Denovan; 2nd, Macdonald III, W. C.; 3rd, Ganong.

Form III.

First, Black I, S. R.; 2nd, Fielding; 3rd, McDougall II, J. E.; 4th, Morton.

Form IV.

First, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, Harrison; 4th, McLaughlin.

Form V.

First, Wright II, J. H.; 2nd, Bennett; 3rd, Rolph.

Lower VI.

Toronto Group—1st, Balfour, Eakins, equal; 3rd, Macdonald I, R. M.

McGill Group—1st, Leckie; 2nd, Skinner I, W. K.; 3rd, Whitaker II, G. E.

R. M. C. Group—1st, Galbraith I, R. A. H.

Upper VI.

First, Grant II, W. F. G.

B. SPECIAL PRIZES.

Chairman's Gold Medal—Eakins. (Highest standing at Toronto Junior Matriculation.)

Lieutenant-Governor's Medals—*Silver*, Lowndes; *Bronze*, Balfour. (For School work.)

Governor-General's Medal—Grant II, W. G. F. (Highest Honour Standing at Matriculation.)

Cooper Medal (Proficiency in Science)—Macdonald I, R. M.

Frederick Wyld Prize in Latin—Leckie.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting—Galbraith II, D. B. M.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Gibson's Prize for Shooting—Galbraith I, R. A. H.

Mr. Albert Gooderham Jr.'s Medal to Junior Cadet Corps for Shooting—Secord.

Leonard Prizes, St. Catharines' Chapter I.O.D.E.—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Skinner I.

St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire: Cup (Proficiency in Shooting)—Crowe.

The 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire: Rifle (Proficiency in Shooting)—Tugwell.

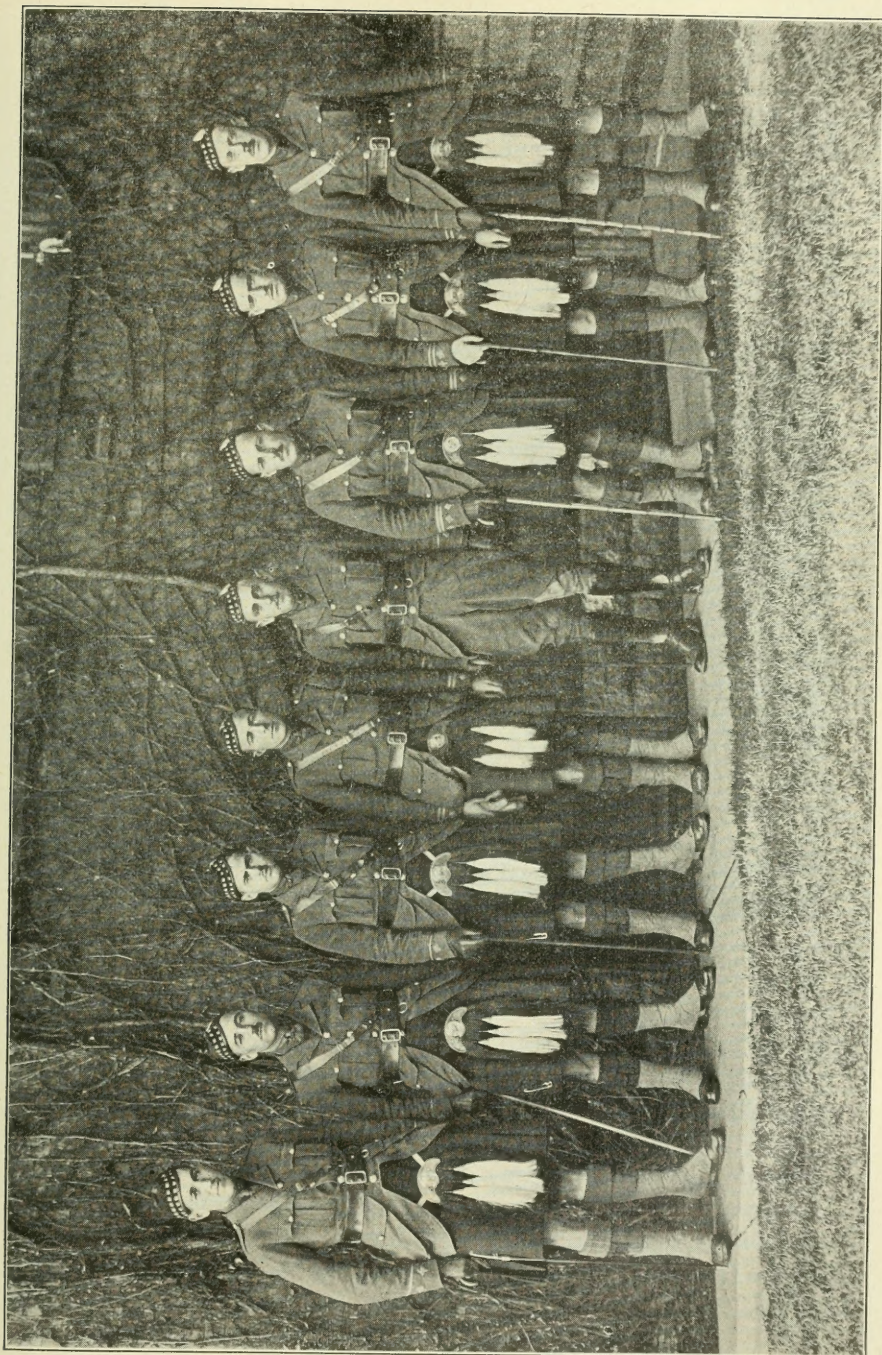
C. ROYAL LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

Honorary Instructor's Certificate—Rankin.

Bronze Medals—Smith, Comstock, McLaurin, Firstbrook, Eakins, Daek.

Proficiency Certificates—McLaughlin, Firstbrook, Eakins, May, McLaurin, Smith, Comstock.

Elementary Certificates—Patterson I, McCarter, Nerlich II.



S.A.C. Old Boys in the 92nd Battalion, C.E.F.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

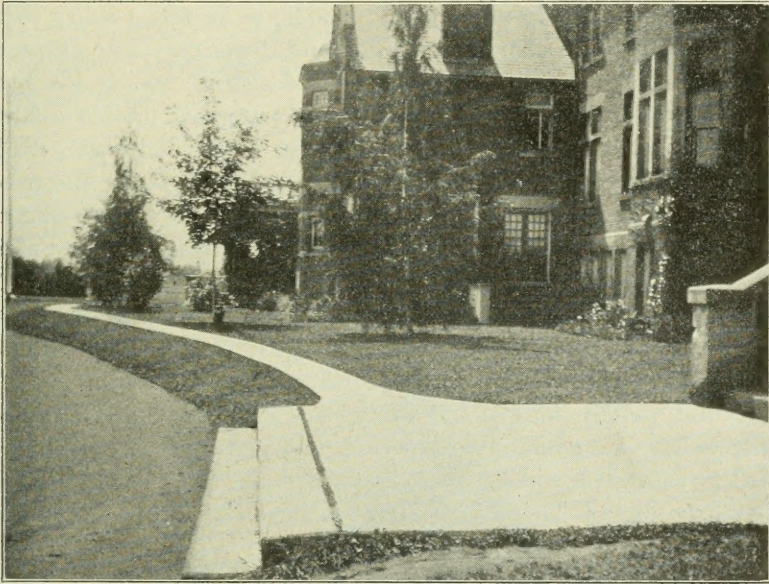
FLIGHT-Lieutenant Jack Hall was sitting in the pilot's seat of his monoplane, smoking his pipe and reading a paper from home. Near him were several similar machines, with their pilots leisurely awaiting an order for flight. The air-station was situated some five miles from the trenches, on a vast plain. In the distance, on the right, could be seen a long dark line, which the experienced eye of the aviator saw to be a column of men on the march. They undoubtedly were the relief division on their way to the trenches. On other parts of the barren plateau nothing was to be discerned but an occasional tree, or bush, or lonely farmhouse.

Presently an orderly came to Hall, and handed him a folded paper. Dismissing the man and unfolding the paper, he read: "Two Zeppelins sighted near Hill 74." This was sufficient to impress upon the officer that he was to act promptly. Calling an orderly, he instructed him to inform three other pilots to be ready for immediate flight. He went directly to his machine. His mechanic was busy at the engine, but when Hall showed him the order he left it, and running into his tent and grabbing his coat, returned and took up his seat behind his pilot. With a whirr of the propeller, they were away. Almost at the same moment three other machines leaped forward and rose, soaring swiftly into the air.

Hall headed straight for Hill 74, and when he came in sight of it he shifted the elevating lever, sending his monoplane to a great height. The other pilots followed his example. They proceeded for some distance without catching a glimpse of the enemy's airships. Hall flashed the order by wireless: "Separate and round up the Zeppelins. Signal when you find them." Seeing his machines depart he descended a few hundred feet. He scanned the horizon with glasses, in a vain attempt to locate the quarry. Below him he could see the Allies' rows of trenches, and their deadly shells breaking over the enemy. Shifting his course northward he soon saw the puffs of white smoke from shells breaking with a loud crash just beneath him. He had been detected by the Germans, and was being fired at, but laughed at their futile efforts to reach him, knowing he was out of range; and

shouted to his mechanic: "Drop a couple of bombs on them, just to let them know we see them."

They had sailed around the sky for some time, when suddenly the buzz of his wireless told him that one of his men had been successful in the search. Heading straight to the location indicated, he soon saw the two Zeppelins flying to and fro with the little aeroplane between them. Hall knew they had succeeded in getting it trapped, and soaring above the huge gas bags he dropped



Threshold of Manhood.

three bombs on one. They ripped two great holes in one end and disabled a large propeller. The crippled monster, its end crumpled up, retaliated by firing a fatal shot at the engine of the trapped aeroplane. With a loud explosion the ruined craft, with its pilot, fell headlong to the ground. Here, before Hall's very eyes, one of his fellow aviators had been dashed to destruction. He lost all sense of precaution. He flew over the injured Zeppelin, hurling bomb after bomb with deadly aim. Two of the missiles, hitting the same spot, proved fatal. With a roar of escaping gas, the big bag, its middle torn in two, fell crippled to the earth, carrying its crew to certain death.

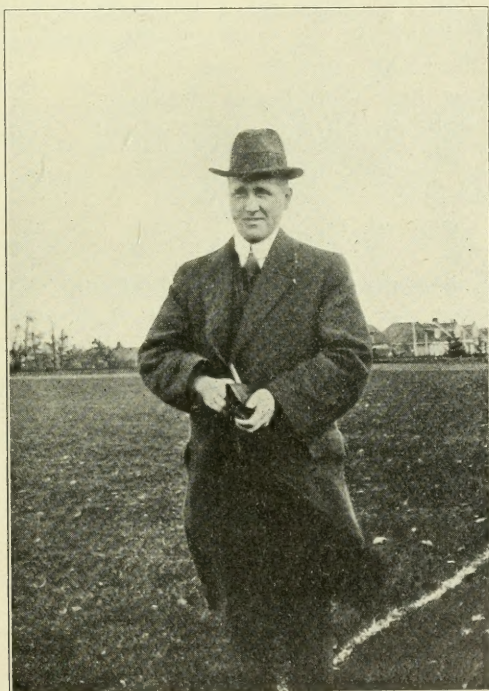
In the meantime the other Zeppelin manœuvred in such a way as to get above the aeroplane, and, scattering a deadly shower of lead, riddled its wings and broke a piece off the propeller blade. However, by good fortune, the wireless had not become damaged. Hall, seizing the key, sent out a distress-signal to hurry the other machines to his rescue. He was now driving frantically, dipping and turning in an endeavor to prevent the Zeppelin from getting an accurate aim. With the broken propeller he was handicapped, but through skilful manipulation of the levers he kept out of reach of his unwieldy antagonist. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder; his arm became limp, and it was only with extreme difficulty he kept from fainting. His assistant, seeing his predicament, bound up the wound and partly stopped the blood-flow. Then giving the guiding of the machine to the mechanic, Hall aimed the machine-gun at the cabin of the huge Zeppelin, and fired a round of cartridges. The monster was now just above them; certain death seemed imminent, when Hall felt a sudden dropping sensation, and the light craft swooped down six hundred feet. A quick pull at the elevation-lever, and it shot forward again on an ascending curve, and soaring as fast as the broken propeller would permit, it gained a height equal to that of the German.

Amid another hail of bullets the mechanic gradually climbed in spirals to a commanding position, and yelling to the wounded Hall to hand him some bombs, he guided the little machine high above the broad back of the now doomed and almost helpless Zeppelin.

Hall, by this time, owing to the loss of blood, was wholly unconscious. Seeing this, the mechanic reached over his seat and, steering with his feet, picked up two bombs—all that remained—and, diving quickly, swooped with terrific speed just over the airship, thus preventing the two machine guns mounted on its roof from getting an accurate aim. At that moment, just as he let fly his deadly bombs, one of the shells of enemy's quick-firers struck his engine, crippling it. The monoplane dropped about a thousand feet before the frantic efforts of the mechanic could check its fall. Finally the disabled machine, after skilful volplaning, was landed safely behind its lines. The wounded pilot was lifted out and brought to a doctor, while the mechanic took a broken cigar from his pocket, and lighting it, soothed his harassed nerves with a quiet smoke.

About a week later a German military paper was found and brought to the hospital ward in which Hall lay convalescent. Glancing over the headlines, he came across one reading: "Two of our Zeppelins destroyed." In smaller print it continued: "Last week, while two of our largest airships were scouting over the enemy's lines, they were attacked by two monoplanes. Our air-men succeeded in destroying one, but by the daring of the other, both our machines were wrecked —." It continued further, but this was sufficient to show Flight-Lieutenant Jack Hall they had been successful, and calling a nurse he asked her to have the paper sent immediately to his mechanic. Then, looking at his bandaged shoulder, he grinned, and rolling over in his cot, fell into a contented sleep.

T. R. RANKIN (Form VI.).



Things Are Going Nicely!

ANAPIZESΘE KPATAIOYΣΘE

When luck is going wrong; when the foe is coming strong;

(You can hear your rivals' long exultant roar!)

And the Team's away behind, and the referee seems blind,

And the way those backs are fumbling makes you sore—

Play the Game, just the same!

Mind *you're* not the one to blame.

Yours to guard the School's good Name;

Play the Game!

All that's in you—heart and sinew—

Play the Game!

Where our boys, in lands afar, play the bloody game of War,

Deep's the wile, and foul's the guile of faithless Huns,

But shall we, who hold their fate, stoop to ape their deeds of hate?

Answer, Britons! (to the music of the guns!):

Play the Game, just the same!

Let them bear their brand of shame.

We'll fight fair, in Freedom's name!

Play the Game!

For the glory of our Story—

Play the Game!

Rule of play, or manful strife! Law of battle! Guide in LIFE!

(*Hold the line, St. Andrew's! On the ball!*)

Here's a health to honest Sport! May it ever breed the sort

Who'll keep their nerve, and steadfast meet the call:

Play the Game, just the same!

Loss or profit, praise or blame!

Heeding only Duty's claim—

Play the Game!

ANAPIZESΘE, KPATAIOYΣΘE!

PLAY THE GAME!

THE LIFE OF A PRISONER OF WAR

IT was on the twentieth of April that the 48th Highlanders went into the trenches to take part in the battle of Langemarck. Some of the companies were in the most dangerous positions on the battle line. They were entirely cut off and surrounded, and had had no food or ammunition for seventy-two hours, and at last were compelled to surrender, partly from exhaustion and the result of asphyxiating gases.

The Canadians received great praise for their gallant stand. This was the fight in which my brother, Lieut. F. W. Macdonald, of the 48th Highlanders, was taken prisoner, together with a number of brother officers.

The Germans altogether took about one thousand five hundred officers and men as prisoners. Practically all the unwounded Canadian officers were sent to Bischofswerde, in Saxony.

The first letter we got from him took about two weeks to reach us; the average one taking about one month.

At Bischofswerde they have a very fine barracks and one acre of ground. There are ten officers to each room. At this *lager* there are 340 officers—200 Russians, 100 French, 40 British and Canadians.

There is a canteen, at which they can buy things at American prices. They have, also, to pay board at the rate of sixty marks per month. No one is allowed to receive any parcel exceeding eleven pounds in weight. They have the use of two tennis courts; and the British and Canadians have had one built at their own expense. They are allowed to write four post cards and two letters per month.

In the last letter we got from my brother he tells of his daily routine as follows:—Rise at six a.m. Have a shower, and breakfast at seven. Eight to nine, study German, then have a lesson in German; rest of the morning study French. At eleven the mail arrives. Eleven-thirty, lunch. One to three, French lesson. Three to four, game of tennis. Four to five, game of football. Six-thirty, dinner. Nine-forty, lights out.

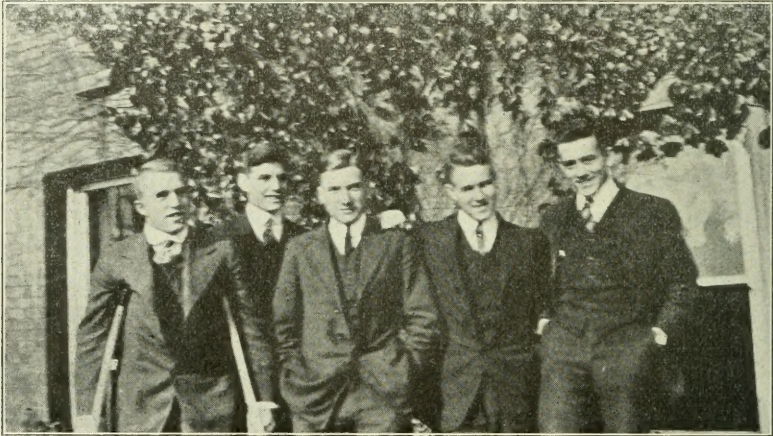
C. MACDONALD

(Form III).

THE DUKE AND THE SLEUTH

(Or a Thoroughbred Affair)

Sherlock Holmes sat in his study. It was a very characteristic apartment. The walls, decorated with autographed portraits of Gyp the Blood, Dr. Crippen and other celebrities, spoke of the intellectual interests of its occupant. The artistic temperament was suggested by the dust which lay in extravagant layers over all the furniture. You immediately inferred that here was a man who was above such trifles. The fact, however, was, that his char-



Some Editors.

(No Slang Intended.)

woman had been fired for drunkenness and he had not bothered to have it cleaned since; remembering, with his usual wisdom, that "it would only get dirty again." Besides, cash was low, as Light Fiction is rather dead just now.

A faint, mysterious odour permeated the room. It brought to your mind pictures of the far-away East—with rickshaws, and bazaars, and coolies running about selling spearmint gum and sauerkraut. An inmate of Saint Andrew's would have thought of the Hill behind the College; and perhaps of a Double Gating. It was Holmes' favourite mixture of Bull Durham.

His piercing gaze was bent, glued and riveted on the *Ladies' Home Journal* with such intensity and concentration that any one

could have told that he was reading it. He was just finishing an absorbing article on "Dainty Lunches from Cast-off Maccaroons," when a knock was heard.

"Key veeve!" said Holmes, immediately on the alert.

"Me," replied his faithful butler, Juggins.

"The Duchess of Gooseberry to see you, sir!"

"Is she tall, dark and handsome?" said Holmes, who read the Society Columnns.

"Exactly, my Lord."

"Well, show her in."

In the meantime Holmes swiftly disguised himself as a street-sweeper, as was his custom on preparing to receive nobility.

The Duchess of Gooseberry entered at the right moment.

Holmes, with his polished air, rose and said simply, but with a great undercurrent of meaning—

"Do sit down."

His fair visitor draped herself over the divan in a very becoming attitude, and with a nervous air raised her veil and powdered her nose.

"Now," said Holmes, "state your symptoms, but remember every word you say will be used against you."

"Well," began the Duchess, in a pleasantly modulated voice, pausing to light a cigar, "I will come to the point at once, even though it is quite contrary to Conan Doyle's methods. *The Duke of Sussex has been kidnapped.*"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the blasphemous, but cultured Holmes, true to his reputation as a devil of a fellow; at the same time turning pale with excitement and the pangs of dyspepsia. "When did it happen? Where was he last seen?"

"About two o'clock yesterday a groom saw him in the stable. Returning five minutes later he noticed his absence. We immediately notified Scotland Yard. They sent down two detectives, three trained nurses, and five white mice, with which they endeavoured to trace him. Their efforts failing, I came straight to you."

"You did quite right," said Holmes, modestly, "I am the only man living who can solve this mystery."

"But it is very unfortunate, the Duke was a splendid fellow."

"Yes," answered the Duchess "So game and high-spirited! Such strength of wind! Such slender legs!"

"Ahem! Ah, yes!" replied Holmes. "I remember the Duke was well built. One of the finest ——"

"He ought to be," answered the Duchess. "I bred him myself."

"What!" gasped Holmes, blushing modestly.

Then tactfully changing the subject he asked for a description of the Duke.

"He is large-boned; has an intelligent forehead, with a melancholy expression in his eyes, and is quite grey."

"Quite grey? Ah, yes! We all get that way," tactfully remarked Sherlock. "Now my dear Duchess, rest assured; I pledge my word as a Best-Seller that I will have him back again in a fortnight."

Her Ladyship fairly bubbled with gratitude, and sailed out, leaving an impression of bay-rum behind her.

Holmes sat for some time plunged in thought, without speaking, but presently the Archbishop of Bath and Shampoo came in unannounced.

He was disguised as a country curate, but Holmes immediately recognized him.

"Ha, Archy! How goes it?" he said, cleverly adopting a manner of lightness and airy persiflage.

"Holmes! You are wonderful. How did you penetrate my disguise?"

"Why!" said the detective, "a real curate would have tried to sell me some tickets for a charity bazaar. Now I suppose you want to know about the Duke of Sussex?"

"Yes," said the Archbishop, "I am certainly anxious about him. I had fifty quid on him."

"What!" exclaimed the great detective in surprise. "Then the motive for the crime may have been robbery. . . . I have a clue. . . . This confirms it. . . . Someone has kidnapped *the Duke with a pecuniary object.*"

As Holmes finished this impressive and original remark, the Archbishop sat back in his chair, his emotions evidently getting the better of him. He went through the motions of lifting a

tumbler, but Holmes did not appear to notice it. Silently the Archbishop pressed his hand at parting.

"We have forgotten something," said the sleuth.

"Impossible!" answered the Archbishop, looking longingly at the sideboard.

"Yes," replied Holmes, "my fee is two bob."

After his Lordship had gone Holmes took off his disguise as a street-sweeper, and assumed that of a Prime Minister. He rang for his coat and stick (being a fiction character he never wore a hat). While Juggins was searching for them behind the kitchen stove, Sherlock took up a copy of last month's paper to look for a clue. He was nearly giving it up when his eagle eye was caught by the word *Sussex*.

He read this—

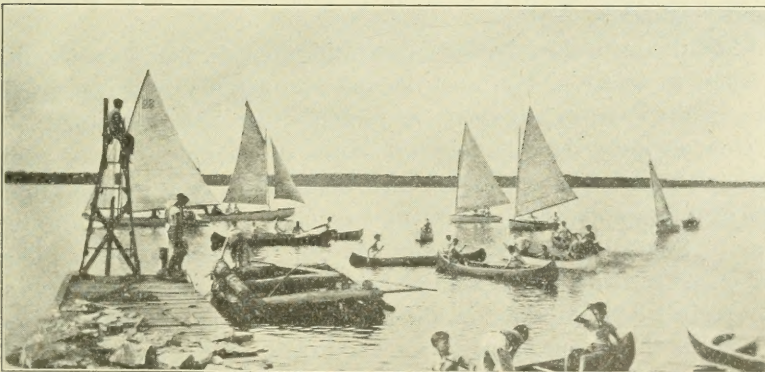
"Duke of Sussex does mile in 2.09. Good form shown by shire colt. Trainer G. H. Walker thinks if all goes well the big grey ought to cinch the plate."

A great light broke over Holmes, covering him with the fragments.

"I see it all now," he cried. "The Duke of Sussex is a horse."

And Doc. Watson being absent butterfly-hunting, Holmes went over to the phonograph and turned on a record in the doctor's voice, which repeated—"Marvellous, Holmes! Marvellous!"

FRED. JOHNSON (Form IV).



The Good Old Summer Time.
(Scene at Mr. Chapman's Camp.)

TICKET SELLING

Among the many interesting and exciting experiences that come one's way in war-time, one of the most likely is that of ticket-selling.

A chance to take a part in this fascinating pastime is not hard to obtain, as it is in many other cases. Everywhere are people begging you to help such and such a Cause by selling a few tickets for it.

It is not easy to choose just which cause to adopt; for those for which tickets can be sold with the greatest ease are often so disguised by name as to make them appear forbidding, and of course the contrary holds good also. The best way to make your selection is to put yourself in the place of the purchaser, and to say to yourself, "Now, which one would *I* buy?" Having made your choice, you may prepare for your troubles.

Many people are experts at dodging ticket-sellers, and all have their various methods. For instance, a schoolboy is continually being asked to "Call again next Thursday at about ten o'clock, if you can"—when the speaker is fully aware of the fact that a schoolboy is at school at that particular time. Some people will pertly tell you that they "Never take anything in at the door," or perhaps you will be asked to change a five-dollar bill.

In order to make a success of ticket-selling, one should be well prepared for such contingencies. To begin with, one should be well laden with change, not forgetting five-cent pieces, which prove to be most valuable.

Should your tickets be for a patriotic purpose, then care should be taken to select a day, such as the anniversary of some great event in the country's history, or perhaps just after a victory.

Now suppose, having laid up stores of change, etc., in past weeks, you are ready to begin. Nervously you creep up the front steps of a house and ring the front-door bell. You wait a minute. . . . Someone is coming, but you feel inclined to bolt. The door opens a little, and a woman pokes her head out. You begin your recital, but the door is quickly shut, and as you turn to go the head is thrust out again to see you safely off the premises. If this is the case, one should not be discouraged, for ticket-selling is like a game, and one cannot expect to win at the first attempt.

However, should your first effort be successful, over-confidence should be carefully guarded against.

You now try the next house, and in response to your ring the door is thrown open wide. You begin: "Wouldn't you like to buy a few tickets for the 48th Highlanders' Band Concert, next Saturday, at the Armories?"—by this time the door has been gradually about three-quarters closed—"in aid of the prisoners in Germany," you continue. The door stops moving for a second, but then goes on at such a rapid rate that you fear you will lose your case. However, you have just reached the end: "They're only ten cents each." At this the door opens wide again, and you are pleased to hear: "Why, is that all they are? Of course I'll have a couple."

Having reached this stage of proficiency in the art, there is but one more thing to be learned, and that is, how to deal with servants. Very often you will recite your "piece" with great gusto to a housemaid, only to hear her say: "Ye dowun't want any tickets for a concert, do ye mum?"—which, of course, brings a negative reply. Now it is very important to ask the servant to take the tickets in to the mistress of the house, so that she may see for herself; and nine times out of ten a case, which otherwise would have been lost, is won.

Other points of procedure are best learned by experience. However, as a last word of warning, one should never start out with the idea of selling any definite number of tickets, for very likely one would not be able to fulfil one's promise.

J. E. McDougall
(Form IV).

REVELATION

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

He had not made the Team. The ultimate moment—

Last practice for the big game, his senior year—
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftmess.

It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the Team. He was graduating:

The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters—
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying,
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the Team. The family waiting

His wire, up State; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the House there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the Team, after years of striving;

After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap—
The sweat, and blood, and strain, and iron endurance,
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep—

He had not made the Team. He watched from the side lines,

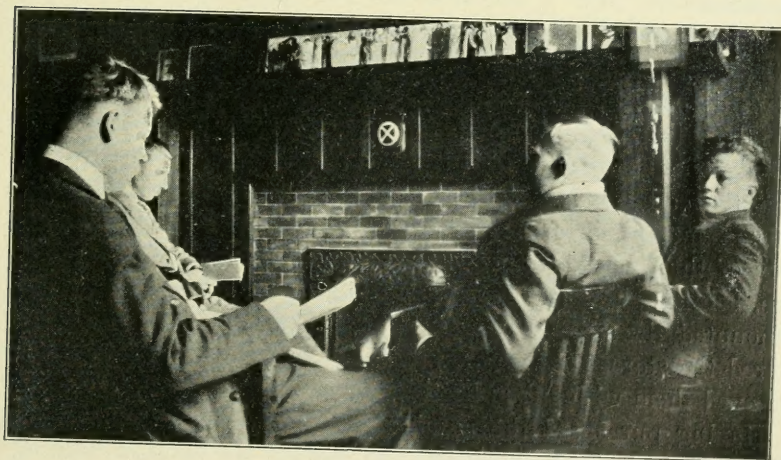
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,

Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back, and back, and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied, and rose, and took control:

*He had not made the Team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body, brain and spirit,
He and his kind—the Second Team—till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the Team was driven against this hour!*

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: He had *made* the Team!

(From the *Century Magazine*, November, 1915.)



The Bookworms.
(Scene in New Library Room.)

THE KU KLUX KLAN TO THE RESCUE

IT was back in the Reconstruction days, after the Civil War. Peace having been signed, two young Northerners named Wilson and King, former lieutenants in the G. A. R., who were greatly attracted by the South, in company with a Southerner, Hardwick by name, whom they had met when convalescent in a military hospital, bought a small tobacco plantation in southern Virginia.

Hardly had they become settled, when the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination reached them. Later on came stories of terrible negro riots, where the blacks, seemingly intoxicated by their sudden freedom, and fiery speeches from their own trick doctors, had run amuck, doing tremendous damage, in some localities even taking the lives of innocent whites. The horrors of these times were greatly enhanced by the carpet-baggers, who went down South with the deliberate intention of swindling the people and otherwise making capital out of them.

The news of these disturbances was, of course, anything but pleasing to the young planters, and they determined to keep away from the negro settlements as much as possible. But at last, owing to the scarcity of provisions, they were compelled to make a trip to a neighboring village for the purpose of securing such necessities.

Early in the morning the party of three, armed with service revolvers, set out. Their ride was practically uneventful, but on every side pathetic instances of the ravages of war could be seen. Soon the village was reached. As they rode down the main street an indescribable feeling of uneasiness came over them. It was plain that all was not right in the village. The streets were deserted but for a few groups of sullen-looking blacks. The party of three headed directly towards the apology for a general store, behind which there was a small bar. Hardwick and King dismounted, leaving Wilson in charge of the horses. They entered the store. It was crowded with half-intoxicated negroes, who eyed them with sullen hostility.

Having purchased the required articles, they prepared to make their exit. As Hardwick was leaving the shop, a hulking negro, who was entering, deliberately knocked him heavily against the door, causing him to drop his load, and at the same time

exclaiming, "Git out ob de way—yo white trash!" With blazing eyes the Southerner turned upon him, and with a well-directed blow sent him staggering into the shop. Howling with rage, the black seized the nearest missile, which proved to be a heavy bottle, and hurled it at Hardwick, who ducked in the nick of time. By now pandemonium raged in the store. The whites realized that to waste another second would be death, and raced for their horses.

Hardly had they mounted, when a mob of blacks burst from the store. One of the dreaded negro riots had commenced. The sight of the fleeing whites was the signal for a shower of missiles, curses and blood-curdling yells. Some few, who possessed fire-arms, blazed away, but with no effect. The stone-throwers, however, were more successful, as King's head received a nasty gash, and Wilson's leg was badly bruised by missiles. Soon they reached the outskirts of the village, where they were practically safe, as none of the mob were mounted. By pressing forward with all possible speed they reached home about mid-day.

After a hasty lunch all three assembled in the living-room to form plans for the immediate future. King was the first to speak. "Now that the niggers are on the war-path," he said, "we might as well prepare for the worst. It is undoubtedly only a question of time before we are attacked." The others gravely assented, and soon the young men were busily putting their house in a state of defence. At last all was completed, and the three drew lots to ascertain what their hours of sentry-go for the afternoon would be.

The afternoon passed without any sign of the enemy, and as evening approached, it was agreed that as soon as the blacks hove in sight, Hardwick should ride off to a valley which lay a comparatively short distance away, to seek the aid of the Ku Klux Klan, which would be holding a gathering there.

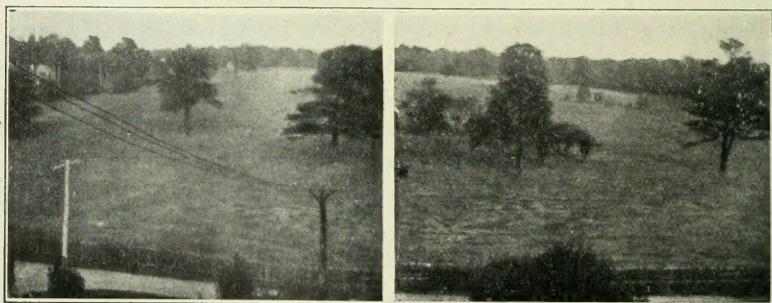
At about 8.30 a medley of shouts and yells could be heard from the village. The enemy were evidently advancing, and by the noise that they were making, the defenders surmised that the greater number were half drunk.

The time having arrived, Hardwick set out on his mission. He had hardly gone farther than a quarter of a mile, when upon rounding a turn in the road, he came upon a party of negroes, who had been sent out as a flanking party to intercept any such

expedition. His appearance provoked a shout of exultation from the negroes. There was but one thing to do, if he wished to succeed—to charge right through the crowd. Accordingly, whipping out his revolver he drove full tilt at the enemy, firing as he went. The negroes were too completely surprised to offer much resistance, and he was through them before they realized it, leaving one dead and three wounded in his trail. The enraged blacks at last recovered their senses, but not until it was too late. Those armed with fire-arms blazed away with customary negro accuracy, only one shot striking the fugitive. That unlucky bullet passed through Hardwick's arm, causing him to reel in his saddle, but quickly recovering himself he pressed on with determination.

The remainder of the journey was without incident, as no more marauding bands were encountered. As Hardwick approached the valley he saw two figures in the mysterious white uniform of the Ku Klux Klan. The sentries saw plainly that all was not right, as Hardwick was swaying dangerously in his saddle, being on the verge of collapse from loss of blood; and hurried to his assistance, calling for further aid as they came. Soon others joined them, and leaving the later arrivals on guard, the two sentries escorted Hardwick to the Commander's tent, where, after having his wound dressed, he delivered an appeal for the relief of his comrades. After hearing the story, the Commander, a Civil War veteran, at once summoned two Klansmen, and ordered them to gather the Klan together by the fiery cross. The command was quickly carried out, and soon the thud of

THEN and ———



View east from S.A.C., October 1909.

horses' hoofs signaled the arrival of the Klansmen. In a very short time a sufficient number had arrived, and these set off at once to relieve the beleaguered garrison, having first received directions as to the location of the place from Hardwick, who at that time was too weak to travel.

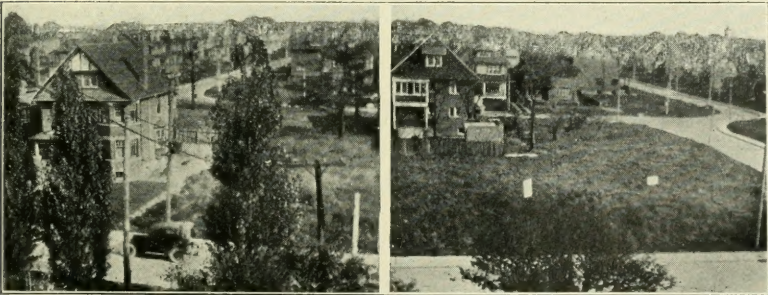
Let us now return to the two Northerners who were preparing their home for defence.

After Hardwick's departure, there was nothing to do but wait for the attack. The plan of resistance was for Wilson, King and two reliable servants each to guard an upstairs window, while the lower ones were to be heavily barred.

Their watch had lasted perhaps twenty minutes when the main body of blacks was seen crossing a nearby field. At a distance of about three hundred yards from the house they halted, demanding an instant surrender of the house. This of course brought a scornful reply from the defenders, which was followed by yells of rage and rifle-shots from the blacks. The defenders in turn replied by a volley that wounded two of the attackers.

For an hour the battle raged fairly evenly, though each one of the garrison had been slightly wounded. Suddenly a terrible discovery was made—the ammunition was nearly exhausted! Quickly calling the defenders together, Wilson gave orders to heat all the available water in the house, and prepare to defend the door, upon which the negroes were beating with axes. Presently a large piece of wood gave way, and at once a crowd of evil faces filled the aperture. Now was the time for the boiling

— NOW.



Same View, October, 1915.

water. Quickly filling buckets, Wilson and King dashed the contents in the faces of the blacks, who fell back screaming with pain. Ten valuable minutes were thus gained. But at the end of that time the defenders were forced back to the stairs. The door had collapsed, and the blacks, filling the hall, made an assault upon the stairs, which was temporarily stopped by a couple of shots from King, who was guarding that point. Wilson, meanwhile, had gone into his room to fetch his sword, intending to make a last stand at the stair-head. Happening to glance out of the window, he beheld a number of the Ku Klux Klan advancing at full speed. With a shout of, "The Klan, King! We're saved!" he dashed out of the room to King's side. The effect of this upon the enemy, who were preparing another assault upon the stairs, was electrical. Drawing back and listening intently they could plainly hear the hoof-beats of the rescue party's horses.

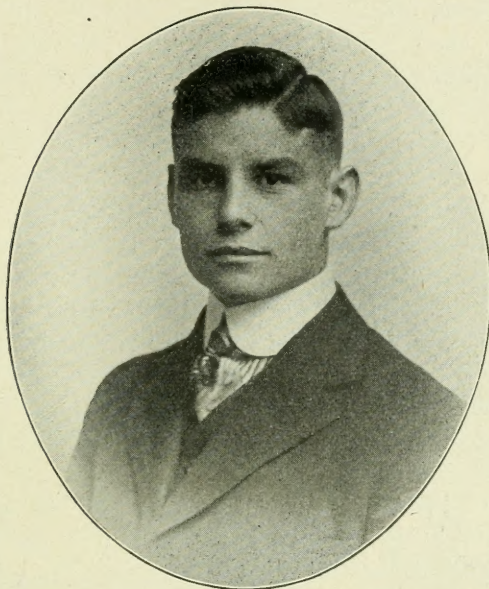
This threw the blacks into a state of panic, and a free fight took place among them, as they tried vainly to crush through the door. Once outside, they had to face the Klan's rifles, which killed and wounded many. The remainder raced frantically for their village.

Detailing most of his men to pursue the enemy, the commander rode up to the house with the rest. He was received by the gallant defenders, who, after sincerely thanking him for his timely rescue, asked how their brave chum had fared, and, of course, were greatly relieved to hear that he was only slightly wounded, and would soon be with them.

The members of the Klan encamped for a few days on the plantation, to nip any other attempted risings in the bud.

D. C. MACDONALD (Form V.).

Athletics



Captain Ed. Whitaker.

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

Whitaker ("Ed.")—Flying Wing—Although he was not an old Color, he deserved his position as Captain and used excellent judgment in directing his plays. One of the best tacklers we had, and hard to draw out of his place.

Willoughby ("Hilly")—Centre Half—Third year on the team. Was moved back from Centre Scrim after first game, where he proved himself a steady catch and a fine kicker.

Wallace ("Wallie")—Right Half—Came up from Second Team. Surest catch we had, although handicapped by inexperience in Ridley game.

Taylor II. ("Joe")—Left Half—Old Color. Owing to illness at the early part of the season, he was unable to appear at his best. A good catch, and kicked well in Trinity game.

Dack ("Jack")—Quarter—A new boy, and the lightest on the team. Very fast in his position and a good tackle.

Firstbrook ("Roy")—Centre Scrim.—Graduate of last year's Seconds. Played his position well, but inclined to be a little slow in following up.

Cameron II. ("Slim")—Right Scrim.—Also a new boy. The heaviest man on the team. Good at smothering opponents' plays.

Yuill II. ("Hop")—Left Scrim.—A new boy as far as football is concerned. Steady player and hard worker.

Soot ("Eimer")—Left Inside—Third year on team, and lived up to his reputation of being the best buckler in the league. Could make a position on any senior team, and was responsible for eight touchdowns in three games.

Taylor I. ("Yukon")—Right Inside—Came up from last year's Seconds. Useful in breaking up opponents' line.

Watson ("Squirt")—Left Middle—Not content with starring in last year's hockey team, he also made good at football as line-plunger and tackler.

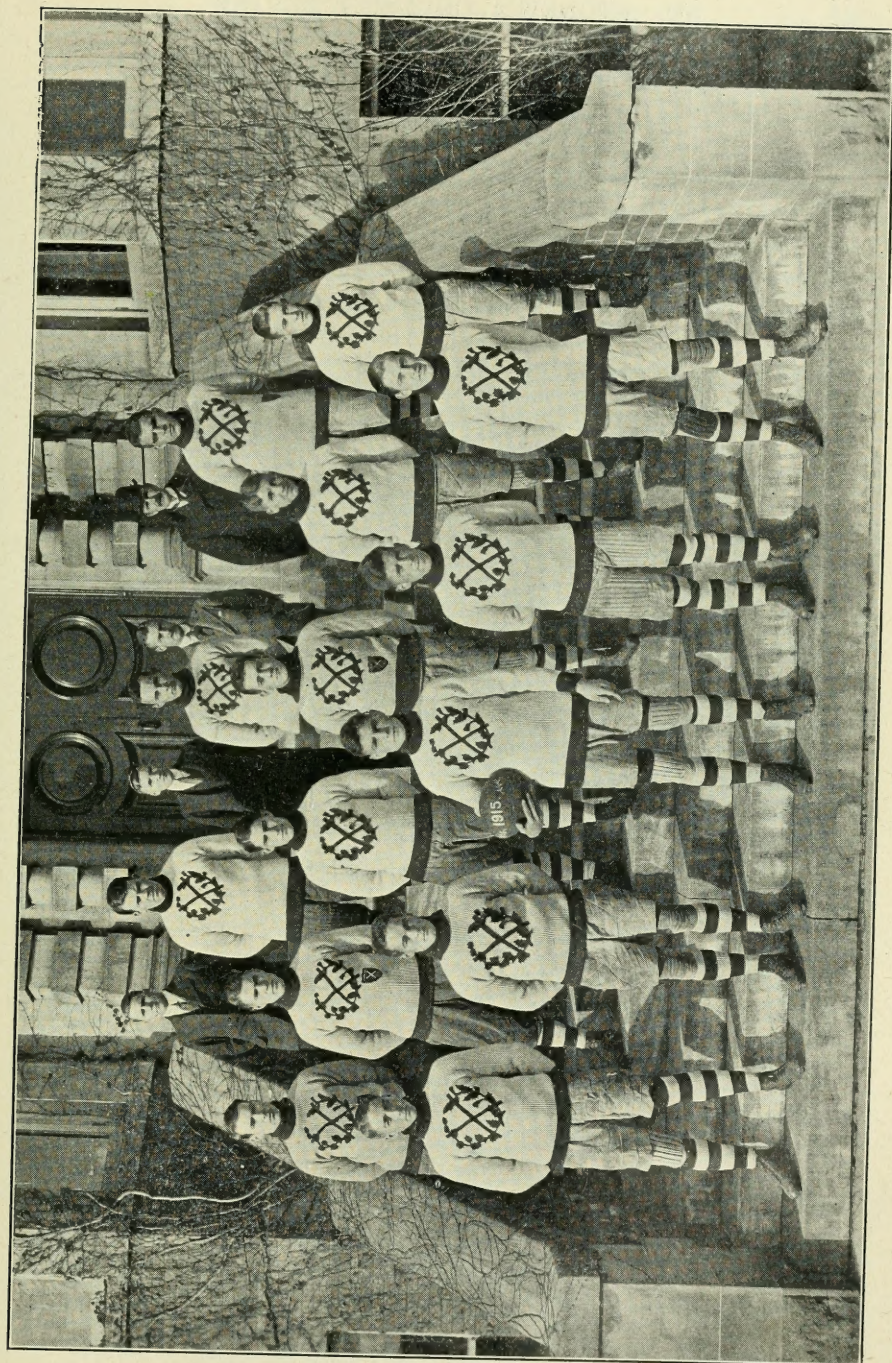
Rankin ("Piko")—Right Middle—Another of last year's Seconds. Good buckler, fair tackler, and showed best form against T. C. S., besides converting well in all the games.

Comstock ("Bill")—Left Outside—From last year's position at Centre Scrim. on the Second Team, he developed into an efficient and speedy Outside. His hard tackling was a feature of his playing.

Rolph ("Ernie")—Right Outside—Jumped up from last year's Third Team. Very light, but a hard worker and very useful man.

The heartiest thanks of the team are due to Tod Grant for his very efficient and able management of the team. He is certainly a hard worker, and it was not his fault that the team did not win another championship.

To Herbie Allen, the team's coach for a considerable number of years, we owe the greatest possible debt of gratitude. He was handicapped in his efforts this year by a certain shortage of men, but sacrificed to us a considerable number of hours every week, which helped us in our games infinitely.



St. Andrew's College First Rugby Team, 1915.

THE RUGBY SEASON, 1915

ALL-STARS, 18; ST. ANDREW'S, 15

On Friday, October 15, the first team met a team from the University in an exhibition game. The visitors were composed of ex-Little Big Four players, and many stars were on their line-up, while St. Andrew's College lined up minus three of their best men—Captain Soot, Roger and Willoughby. The game was called at four o'clock, and at half time the All-Stars led by twelve to three. However, after a few changes and much advice in the changing-room, the school improved in the second half, and were just beaten 18 to 15 in a close finish. For the All-Stars, Hume Crawford was probably the best, and for St. Andrew's, Whitaker and Dack were conspicuous.

R. H. G.

THE RIDLEY GAME

On Saturday, Oct. 23rd, the Little Big Four season opened in Toronto with St. Andrew's receiving the visiting team of Ridley College. The day was perfect from a football standpoint and a fair crowd was in attendance when the game commenced at 10.30. Line-up:—

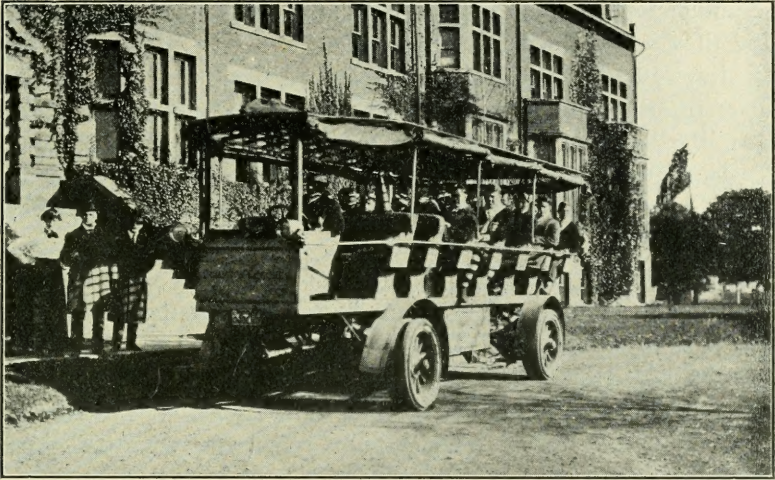
St. Andrew's.	Position.	Ridley College.
Whitaker (Capt.)	Rover	Leonard
Campbell	Halves	Alexander
Taylor II.		Watson
Wallace		Irwin
Dack	Quarter	Cooper
Yuill II.	Scrimmage	Porter
Willoughby		Wilson
Cameron II.		Weaver
Soot	Inside Wing	Ryder
Taylor I.	Inside Wing	Barr
Watson	Middle Wing	Peters
Rankin	Middle Wing	Boyd
Comstock	Outside Wing	Mills
Rolph	Outside Wing	Daniel

Officials: Dr. Frank Knight and Dick Sheehy.

Ridley won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. Several misplays and interference on the line soon put St. Andrew's on the defensive. Porter for Ridley made 20 yards on an end-run, and Campbell was forced to rouge on a long punt from Alexander.

Ridley, 1; St. Andrew's, 0.

This point seemed to waken up our team and successive plays by Rankin, Soot and Dack brought the ball to Ridley's 25-yard line, but here interference again cost a chance for a score. A



The Beginning of the Great Drive.

quick punt and nice run by Irwin put Ridley on the offensive again, and Alexander kicked over to Wallace, who dropped the ball and Ridley wings fell on it for a try, which was not converted.

Ridley, 6; St. Andrew's, 0.

Much loose play featured the next few minutes and from thirty yards out Alexander kicked a field goal.

Ridley, 9; St. Andrews, 0.

Our men seemed unable to get started, and loose handling of the ball cost them many points.

Quarter time: Ridley, 9; St. Andrew's, 0.

On changing over, Ridley were in possession five yards out, and failing in two bucks, kicked a touch-in-goal.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 0.

With the wind behind them St. Andrew's soon forced the play, and Campbell kicked to the dead line for our first point.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 1.

Ridley kicked off from quarter-way, and Campbell returned for another point.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 2.

After starting well, St. Andrew's failed to buck over and had to be content with a touch-in-goal.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 3.

Another long punt to the dead line by Campbell made it 10 to 4, and thus it remained until half time.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 4.

The intermission seemed to work wonders for St. Andrew's, and on the best plays of the day we worked the ball from our own twenty-five-yard line the whole length of the field for a touch-down, Watson finally plunging over from ten yards out. Rankin failed to convert.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 9.

Our team again commenced to buck, but lost possession on Ridley's twenty-yard line for interference. A long kick by Alexander was dropped by Campbell, and Ridley were in possession on our quarter-way line. From here Alexander attempted another drop-kick, but it went astray, rolling to the dead line, making it:

Ridley, 11; St. Andrew's 9.

St. Andrew's were caught napping on the kick-off and Ridley secured for offside. Wallace rouged on Alexander's punt.

Ridley, 12; St. Andrew's, 9.

Irwin secured the kick-off, and on the first down Alexander kicked over the heads of the St. Andrew's backs. Referee Sheehy claimed that the ball struck a St. Andrew's line man, and gave Ridley credit for a safety touch.

Quarter time: Ridley, 14; St. Andrew's, 9.

Kicking against the wind, Ridley continued to press, and Alexander kicked over for a touch-in goal.

Ridley, 15; St. Andrew's, 9.

St. Andrew's improved here and bucked for yards time and again, only to lose possession for a kick into the scrimmage twenty yards out. However, not to be denied, Soot plunged over

for a try with only three minutes to go, and Rankin easily converted.

St. Andrew's, 15; Ridley, 15.

We continued to press, and were in possession on Ridley's quarter-way line when time was called, the final score being:

St. Andrew's 15; Ridley, 15.

R. H. GRANT.

NOTES

The game was rather long drawn-out, taking almost three hours to complete.

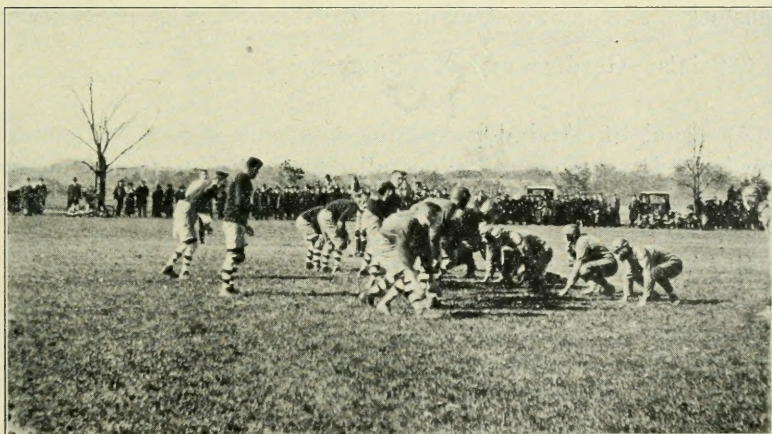
Sheehy and Knight are both star players, but have not had enough experience in handling games to undertake Little Big Four fixtures.

The catching of the St. Andrew's College halves was lamentably weak, and to this more than anything else is due our failure to win.

Upper Canada College opened the season in Port Hope, and did not appear to be very dangerous, T. C. S. winning handily by 45 to 0.

To pick the stars is difficult, but Soot and Whitaker for St. Andrew's, and Alexander for Ridley were probably the pick of their respective teams.

ROBERT GRANT.



The Tie Game—Ridley, 15; S.A.C., 15.

THE UPPER CANADA GAME

On Saturday, Oct. 30th, the second game of the Little Big Four brought St. Andrew's and Upper Canada, the old-time rivals, together on the latter's grounds.

As usual, this game attracted a good crowd, and the day was all that could be desired. We were without the services of Roger, Cantley and Grant, but went up to Upper Canada College fully determined to do our best to win.

Line up:—

St. Andrew's	Position.	Upper Canada.
Whitaker.....	Rover	Gunsaulus
Wallace.....	Halves { Broden
Willoughby.....	 Francis
Taylor II.....	 Rae
Dack.....	Quarter	Stanyon
Firstbrook.....	Scrimmage { Foy
Cameron II.....	 Vasher
Yuill II.....	 Taylor
Soot.....	Inside Wing	Nielson
Taylor I.....	Inside Wing	Kelk
Rankin.....	Middle Wing	Hay
Wallace.....	Middle Wing	Beatty
Rolph.....	Outside Wing	Fotheringham
Comstock.....	Outside Wing	Learn

Officials: Gardner and MacPherson.

As usual St. Andrew's lost the toss, and kicked off against the wind. It was soon evident to all that the Saints were superior line-buckers, and after five minutes' play Dack kicked over for a rouge.

St. Andrew's, 1; Upper Canada, 0.

On the kick-off from quarter-way, Dack muffed, and Upper Canada were in possession at centre. Dack again dropped a long punt and Francis recovered, running thirty yards for a touch-down, which was easily converted.

Upper Canada, 6; St. Andrew's, 1.

Our men showed some real football here, and when the bell rang for quarter time they were in possession on Upper Canada's twenty-yard line.

Quarter-time score: Upper Canada, 6; St. Andrew's, 1.

On successive bucks, Soot plunged over for a try, which Rankin easily converted.

St. Andrew's, 7; Upper Canada, 6.

Upper Canada could not hold St. Andrew's wing line at all, and the latter made yards almost at will. Willoughby was out-kicking his opponents' halves on every occasion, and our wings were following up well. Successive plays brought the play to Upper Canada's ten-yard line, and again Soot was called upon to make the required distance. This he easily succeeded in doing, and Rankin kicked the goal.

St. Andrew's, 13; Upper Canada, 6.

Watson showed good form and made thirty yards on a buck, thus putting St. Andrew's within striking distance again. With two minutes to go, Willoughby kicked over to Francis, who was forced to rouge by Comstock.

St. Andrew's, 14; Upper Canada, 6.

The whistle blew with Upper Canada in possession sixty yards out.

St. Andrew's, 14; Upper Canada, 6.

The third quarter was very evenly contested, and proved to be the best of the game. Playing against the wind, St. Andrew's held their own, and prevented Upper Canada from scoring. Taylor attempted a drop-kick from thirty-yards out. It went astray and resulted in a touch-in-goal.

St. Andrew's, 15; Upper Canada, 6.

Injuries delayed the game on nearly every down, and Upper Canada substituted a number of men. However, St. Andrew's held them off for the rest of the period.

Three-quarter time: St. Andrew's, 15; Upper Canada, 6.

The fourth quarter was almost a procession. Condition began to tell, and our team had things all their own way. Wallace started the fireworks by running fifty yards and passing to Soot, who easily crossed the line. Rankin failed to convert.

St. Andrew's, 20; Upper Canada, 6.

A long punt from Willoughby resulted in a safety touch.

St. Andrew's, 22; Upper Canada, 6.

A loose ball was recovered by Soot, and he ran almost unmo-
lested half the length of the field for a try, which Rankin con-
verted from a difficult angle.

St. Andrew's, 28; Upper Canada, 6.

From centre the resistless march began again, and the result
was another try by Soot, which was not converted.

St. Andrew's, 33; Upper Canada, 6.

"Bill" Taylor made another long run for a touchdown, but
Referee Gardner claimed he had gone into touch and disallowed
it. Game over.

St. Andrew's, 33; Upper Canada, 6.

ROBERT GRANT.

NOTES

The game was clean, and although rather drawn out through
accidents, was played in much shorter time than that of the
previous week.

Soot probably played the best game for the winners, his buck-
ing being especially good and accounting for five touchdowns.

The disastrous muffing on the half-line of former games was
conspicuous by its absence, hence the result.

Referee Gardner was a new official as far as we were con-
cerned, but handled the game in masterly fashion and gave entire
satisfaction.

Trinity College School and Ridley College played at the Uni-
versity Stadium in the morning, Ridley winning by 20 to 13,
after being behind 9 to 7 at half time.

ROBERT GRANT.

THE TRINITY SCHOOL GAME

Saturday, Nov. 6th, saw the final games of the Little Big Four season, with Upper Canada at Ridley and Trinity College School at St. Andrew's. Wins for both home teams would create a tie for first place, and so the games attracted more than common interest. By general consent, the game was played in the afternoon, and a much larger crowd than usual was on hand at 2.30, when Referee Gardner blew his whistle.

Line-up:

St. Andrew's.	Position.	Trinity College.
Whitaker.....	Rover	Clarke
Taylor II.....	} Halves {	Wigle
Wallace.....		Taylor
Willoughby.....		Morris
Dack.....	Quarter	Roche
Firstbrook.....	} Scrimmage {	Wallace
Yuill II.....		Strathy
Cameron II.....		Gale
Soot	Inside Wing	Nielson
Taylor I	Inside Wing	Kelk
Rankin	Middle Wing	Hay
Wallace	Middle Wing	Beatty
Rolph	Outside Wing	Fotheringham
Comstock	Outside Wing	Learn

Officials: Gardner and MacPherson.

St. Andrew's won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind, which was very slight. After two minutes' play Wallace made forty yards on a beautiful end-run, and Trinity were defending on their five-yard line. On the first attempt, Soot went over for a try, which Rankin failed to convert.

S.A.C., 5; T.C.S., 0.

Willoughby ran the kick-off back to centre, and St. Andrew's commenced to buck. Yards were made three times in succession, and then Wallace got away again for sixty yards, being downed only two yards out. Watson easily finished the distance and Rankin converted.

S.A.C., 11; T.C.S., 0.

Trinity improved here, and it was five minutes before Willoughby kicked a dead line for the last point of the period.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 0.

The second quarter of this game probably furnished the best football of the season. Try as they would, our men could not get within scoring distance of Port Hope's line, and the visitors did succeed in forcing St. Andrew's back to their quarter-way



A Casualty.

mark, but they lost for interference, and the Crimson-and-White soon bucked out of danger. Taylor played wonderful football for T.C.S. in this period, out-kicking the St. Andrew's halves, and doing mammoth work on the line as well. The period ended without a score.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 0.

The visitors showed new life in the second half, and on a muffed punt by Willoughby were in possession on our five-yard line. St. Andrew's showed a stone-wall defence, and gained possession as Trinity failed to make the required distance in three attempts. On the first down, Willoughby attempted to kick, but

his wings did not hold, and Trinity blocked. After a general mix-up, it was found that Port Hope were in possession behind St. Andrew's line. Taylor converted easily.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 6.

Trinity were having a good share of the play, which was very fast. S.A.C., bucked to Trinity's 25-yard line, and from here Taylor kicked over to the dead line.

S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 6.

Play centred around quarter-way, and the Red-and-Black were being hard pressed. Willoughby booted over to Wigle, and Rolph downed him for St. Andrew's last point.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 6.

During the fourth quarter, Trinity pressed almost continuously, and had us on the defensive. Taylor kicked over to Wallace, who quickly rouged.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 7.

Play went to mid-field on the kick-off, but successive line-plays by Port Hope put them on the offensive again, and Taylor again kicked over to Wallace, who ran the ball out five yards. A long punt put it out of danger, and St. Andrew's were in possession at centre when time was called.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 7.

ROBERT GRANT.

NOTES

The game was exceptionally clean, no penalties being imposed, and the best of feeling prevailed throughout.

The playing of Wallace on the back line, and of Soot, Watson and Whitaker on the line, was all that could be desired.

For Trinity, Taylor at centre-half was the prominent man. He probably played the most useful game on the field.

Playing in the afternoon was somewhat of an experiment, and seemed to work out very well.

Comstock and Rolph as outsides improved every time out, and their tackling was gilt-edged in the T.C.S. game.

Upper Canada were merely a light lunch for Ridley, losing by the overwhelming score of 80 to 4.

It was the first time in two years that we won the toss, and the superstitious ones were a little uneasy.

Somewhat to the disappointment of many, it was decided by the headmasters of the two schools not to play off the tie between Ridley and St. Andrew's. In the opinion of Dr. Macdonald and of Dr. Miller, there is no reason why these games should not sometimes end in a tie.

The art of drop-kicking seems to be lost around here. Not one was scored during the entire season.

The high standard of football played by the Little Big Four in previous years has been maintained this season, and its reputation of being the premier prep. school league of Ontario is secure for another year at least.

Final Standing of League.

	Points.				
	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	For.	Ag'nst.
St. Andrew's College.....	2	0	1	62	28
Ridley College	2	0	1	115	32
Trinity College School.....	1	2	0	65	34
Upper Canada College.....	0	3	0	10	158



The Happy Warrior.

THE SECOND TEAM

Thursday, October 21st, St. Andrew's SECOND TEAM defeated UNIVERSITY SCHOOL in a practice game. Within a few minutes of play, after excellent bucking, Yuill II went over for a touch, which was converted by Moseley. The ensuing kick-off was muffed, and U.T.S. recovered, and used a centre scrim buck, which fooled our team, and our opponents secured their only touch. It was not converted. St. Andrew's kicked off, and got the ball on the enemy's 25-yard line, where they failed to make yards. Moseley promptly kicked to dead line. Half-time score was: S.A.C., 7; U.T.S., 5.

In the second half our men showed more life, bucked the length of the field, and Yuill II went over for St. Andrew's second touch, Moseley failing to convert.

In the last quarter, S.A.C. had the advantage of the wind. Moseley kicked on side, Frith recovering and gaining forty yards. Moseley then kicked a rouge and Firstbrook was hurt tackling behind U.T.S. line. Easson took his place. Yuill II recovered a loose ball and went over for St. Andrew's third touch, Moseley converting ten seconds before time.

Final score:—S.A.C., 19; U.T.S., 5.

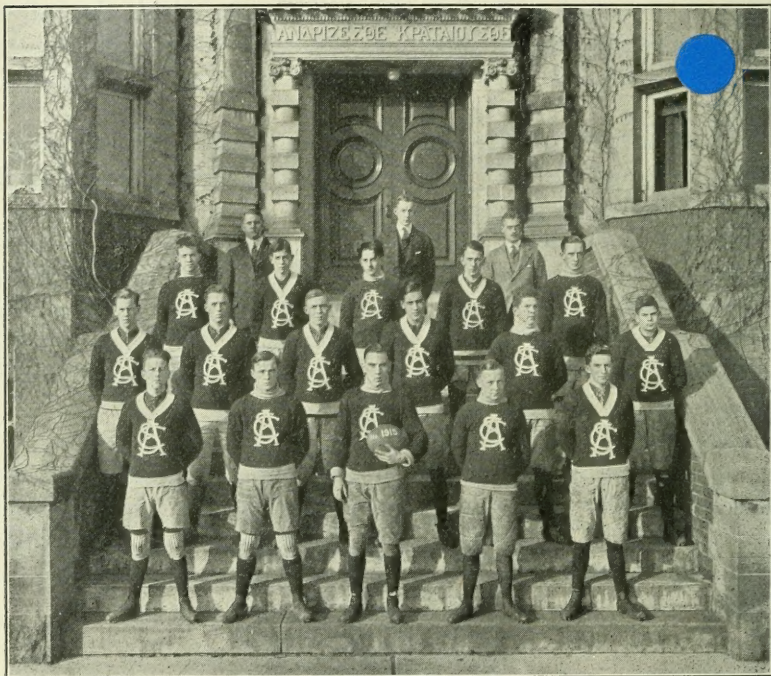
The following was our line-up:—Flying wing, May; halves, Moseley, Frith, Turnbull; quarter, Bole (capt.); scrim., Morrison, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron, Yuill I; middles, Yuill II, Cosgrove; outsides, Firstbrook, Rose; spares, Easson, Tod I.

On Thursday, October 28th, the SECOND TEAM lined up against TECHNICAL SCHOOL. The two teams averaged about the same weight. "Tech." had never suffered a defeat in their league, so the S.A.C. squad looked for a hard game.

The first few minutes of play saw St. Andrew's being played off their feet, and the enemy went over for a try, after excellent line-plunging. "Tech." failed to convert. S.A.C. kicked off, and recovered the ball when our opponents failed to make yards. Campbell kicked for a rouge. Our men then used their weight, and thanks to good bucking by Cosgrove and Yuill I, the latter secured St. Andrew's first touch, which was converted by Moseley.

This reverse seemed to put new life into the enemy. They got away for forty yards, their centre-half going through our middle. On their second down they secured their second touch, which was not converted. St. Andrew's worked in spasms, and soon bucked for their second touch, which Moseley converted. The half ended after Campbell had kicked to the dead line.

Score:—S.A.C., 14; Tech. School, 10.



Second Rugby Team.

The second half found St. Andrew's coming stronger, and Campbell kicked a rouge. "Tech." scrimmed, and failed to make yards, their kick being broken up. S.A.C. recovered, and after two successful bucks Cameron I went over for a touch. Moseley converted.

The game ended after Campbell had kicked two more points. "Tech." failed to score during this half.

Final score:—S.A.C., 23; Tech. School, 10.

Our team was thus composed:—Flying wing, Turnbull; halves, Moseley, Frith, Campbell; scrim., Tod I, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron I, Cosgrove; middles, Yuill I, Davies; outsides, Rose, May; spares, Easson, Morrison.

On Wednesday, November 10th, ST. ANDREW'S Second Team defeated UPPER CANADA COLLEGE Seconds, on our own grounds by the score of 17 to 3.

St. Andrew's won the toss, and Moseley kicked off against a light wind. U.C.C. ran the ball to the half-way line, and on their last down kicked a pretty drop, which gave them their only score. St. Andrew's then bucked for yards, and Campbell kicked to the dead line.

Second quarter. Moseley kicked for a rouge. A few minutes later Bole went over for a touch on an end run. Moseley converted. Campbell was hurt, but recovered and kicked for a rouge.

Half-time score:—S.A.C., 10; U.C.C., 3.

On resumption of play, U.C.C. kicked off. Frith secured the ball and ran it to U.C.C.'s 40-yard line, and Campbell kicked to dead line. S.A.C. then rouged, after U.C.C. failed to make yards.

We had the advantage of the down-hill and wind, and kicked at every down, Campbell sending the ball to the dead line repeatedly.

Then Frith got away for another run, gaining forty yards, Campbell booting to the dead line.

U.C.C. scrimmaged and lost the ball on a forward pass. St. Andrew's got the ball on U.C.C.'s 40-yard line, and kicked on the second down for a rouge.

Campbell played well during the whole game, his kicking was a feature.

Grant was referee, and Hay umpire.

St. Andrew's lined up as follows:—Flying wing, Rose; halves, Moseley, Campbell, Frith; quarter, Bole (capt.); scrim., Morrison, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron I, Yuill I; middles, Davies, Cosgrove; outsides, May, Tod I.

IAN MACGREGOR.

THE THIRD TEAM

Although we lost all three games played we can say that we have had a rather successful season.

Owing to the fact that there was no regular Fourth Team in the school this year the Thirds were greatly handicapped.

The initial game of the season was played on the afternoon of October 20th, when we met the junior team of the Aura Lee



Third Rugby Team.

Club on the college grounds. Aura Lee managed to pile up a fairly large score, as they were much heavier than ourselves. However, our team was plucky and worked hard throughout the whole game. The outstanding feature was the running of Munroe of Aura Lee. The game was lost by the score of 19 to 6.

The second match was the return game with the same club. Our opponents got off to a good start, by getting two touch-downs to their credit before half-time. St. Andrew's tightened up, how-

ever, in the last half, and, although we did not score, yet the Aura Lee boys were only able to make one point, and the game ended 11 to 0 in their favor. Munroe again starred for the winners.

The third and final game was with the Third Team of Upper Canada College. Our opponents again proved to be our superiors, and we went down to defeat by the score of 24 to 11.

In all the games the bucking of Harrison and Simpson and the drop-kicking of Rogers were notable features.

The following received their colors:—Grant II, Rendell, Macdonald I (manager), Harris, McNulty, Tugwell, MacLeod, Harrison, McLaurin, Rogers, Simpson I, Bullock, Auld, Tod II, Jenkins and Calvert I (capt.).

R. M. CALVERT.

LAKE LODGE vs. S.A.C.

On Saturday morning, October 9th, a mixed team, consisting of Second, Third and Fourth Team players, met Lake Lodge First Team on the college grounds.

Lake Lodge won the toss and decided to kick with the wind, which was blowing down the field. After a few minutes' play, Hill of Lake Lodge kicked a pretty goal from the field. The period ended at 3 to 0 against us.

In the second quarter we managed to get three dead lines, also a touch. The latter was secured by Easson, who made a beautiful play by dribbling the ball behind their line and falling on it, making the score:—S.A.C., 8; L.L., 3.

The third quarter opened up by Lake Lodge making a hard rush on our line. During this quarter Hill hurt his knee, and was forced to retire, thus weakening our opponents, as he was their star. However, the end of the period found them again in the lead (L.L., 10; S.A.C., 8).

During the last quarter St. Andrew's, having the wind, kicked at every down for single points. A muff by a Lake Lodge half behind his own line, and Davies falling on it, gave us five more points. The game ended:—S.A.C., 16; L.L., 10.

The line-up was as follows:—Turnbull, Moseley (capt.), Frith, Smith I, Easson, May, Morrison, Ross, Macdonald, Wright, Harrison, Calvert, Davies, Firstbrook.

On November 17th a return game was played against Lake Lodge at Grimsby, St. Andrew's suffering a defeat to the tune of 21 to 14. However, on the round, the teams broke even, with thirty points to the credit of each.

P. V. MOSELEY.

THE LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL SEASON

The Lower School Rugby season has been one of strenuous endeavour and considerable success. When playing under any-thing like fair conditions the team has never been beaten, and the style of their play has been such as to make their games a real pleasure to watch. Much of this success is due to the energy and enthusiasm of their captain, but the thanks of all who share in the success are due to those members of the Upper School who have helped with advice and assistance.

On October 13 we played a strong team of Rosedale boys. The visitors were heavy, but the Lower School, showing promise of good things to come, won easily.

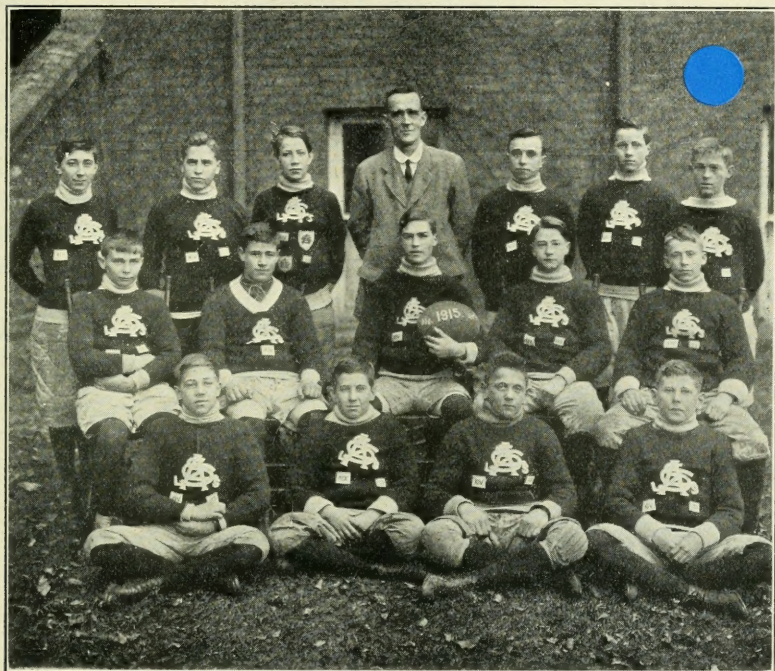
October 21. We were very ambitious in tackling U.T.S. 3rd. Our team was hopelessly outweighed and badly beaten, but not disgraced.

On October 18 the Lower School received a visit from the T.C.S. Juniors. In this game the St. Andrew's boys showed excellent form, and romped home to the tune of 60 points to 1. The visitors were completely outclassed. They played a clean, hard game throughout, but the work of our back division was too much for them. St. Andrew's were the heavier team, but had little need to use their weight, and nearly all their points were scored by half-back passing. In this match the teams were selected within an age limit, which seems to be the most satisfactory method of deciding who is and who is not eligible for the Lower School team. It is to be hoped that the T.C.S. game may become an annual fixture.

Two excellent games were played against St. Clement's College. In the first, which was played at St. Clement's, on Oct. 25, the St. Andrew's boys were unable, on the small ground, to contend against the superior weight of their opponents, and were beaten (32—17), but in the return match, which was played on the first team field on Nov. 1, the Lower School showed the best

form of the season, and opening up the game in splendid style they gained a spectacular victory by 33 points to 12. The game was well worth watching as an exhibition of good tackling, well-timed passing and determined running.

The U.C.C. match was played on Nov. 3, on the big school field. The result—a victory by 45 points to 3—was a reward well deserved by Lawson and his team for the hard work which



Lower School Rugby Team.

they had done in the preceding weeks. Although their play was not so brilliant as that which they showed against St. Clement's the week before, the game was a pleasure to watch. Upper Canada put up a plucky fight against heavy odds, but seemed quite non-plussed by the methods employed by St. Andrew's to open up the game, and they were unable to get anywhere near Lawson and Boyd when they once got going. These two players were the stars, but the whole team played well.

On November 19 a scratch team from the Lower School played the U.C.C. Preparatory School, at Upper Canada. It was not

our fault that our first team was unable to play, and great credit is due to the boys for turning out at all. The only hope of a scratch team lies in superior weight, and that we most certainly did not possess. The game was played with a greasy ball on a sodden ground—conditions which absolutely precluded the style of play to which our boys had become accustomed. This by no means exhausts the available list of our excuses, but, after all, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Let us rather congratulate the Lower School team on their good football and good sportsmanship, and hope for still better things next year.

The Lower School Second Team played two matches, and won them both in a style which is all their own. Their victims were Rosedale and the Model School.

Colours.—1st Team: Lawson (capt.), Stonehouse (manager), Kent, McCarter, MacKay, Richardson, Secord, Boyd, McMullen, McMurtry II, Macdonald II, Thorley, Applegath I, Choppin, Findley I (spare).

2nd Team: Nerlich I, Nerlich II, Patterson I, Patterson II, Lumbers, Skeaff, Marsh, Black I, Pollock, Millar, Applegath II, Calvert II, Rogers, Findlay II (capt.).

A. St. J. F.



Wall-Flowers.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

On Tuesday, November 19, this annual event was held. owing to a heavy storm of snow and sleet the course was in poor condition, and did not afford a sure footing to the runners. The number of entries was very disappointing, being about the lowest on record. The spirits of those who entered, however, were in no way affected by the unfavourable nature of the weather. Mr. Chapman started the race promptly at 3.30.

Willoughby took an early lead, and set the pace for the first mile; this position was wrested from him by Frith. He in turn gave place to Tod I, who had been running a strong second all the way. Tod and Willoughby forged ahead of the field in the last half mile, and ran a pretty race to the finish. Tod's final sprint gained him a lead of fifty yards over Willoughby, who finished second. The winner's time was 22 minutes and 15 seconds, which was very good, considering the heavy going and his own unfamiliarity with the course.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

1. Tod I, gold medal.
2. Willoughby, silver medal.
3. Dack, bronze medal.
- 1st Team cake, Rolph.
- 2nd Team cake, Frith.
- Boarder's cake, Knechtel.
- Prefect's cake, No entry.
- Lower Flat cake, Harris.
- Upper VI Form cake, Rose.
- Lower VI Form cake, Jenkins.
- Fifth Form cake, Lightbourne.
- Fourth Form cake, No entry.
- Third Form cake, No entry.

JOE TAYLOR.

THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This event was decided on November 23, and attracted an excellent entry, no fewer than twenty-two facing the starter.

The winner, a dark horse, completed the course in the splendid time of 16.30. He took the lead shortly after entering the ravine, and, maintaining it to the end, won without being pressed.

The following is a list of the first ten boys home:—

1. Richardson, the silver medal.
2. Lawson, Mrs. Macdonald's First Team cake.
3. Macdonald II (last year's winner), the bronze medal.



Start of Junior Cross Country.

4. Boyd, Boarders' cake, given by Mrs. Furnival.
5. Skeaff, First Form cake, given by Mrs. Montgomery.
6. Home, Day Boys' cake, given by Mr. Blomfield.
7. Findley I.
8. Kent.
9. McMurtry II.
10. Findlay II, Second Form cake, given by Mr. Furnival.

The thanks of the juniors are due, and are hereby tendered, to those who provided and distributed the cakes. The stewards, of whom there seemed to be an unlimited supply, were very prominent, especially at the distribution of cake.

A. ST. J. F.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospects for a good Team at the College this year are exceedingly bright. We are again entered in the Junior series of the O.H.A. Of last year's team we have four old colors in line, namely: Fleming, Cantley, Wallace and Watson, and with this as a nucleus we should be able to make our presence felt. We cannot say much concerning the new material until we see them on the ice, but are hoping for the best. The fellows are showing the same enthusiasm which helped us to do so well last year, and with which we hope to do still better this time.

HARRY WATSON
(Act. Capt.).

School News

THE CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps is occupying a greater place in the activities of the school this year than ever before. Of course this is to be expected in a time of war. Both the Senior and Junior Corps are recruited to full strength. Cantley, who took out his commission in October, is Lieutenant in charge of the Senior Corps, while Lieut. Tudball is helping to make this a "banner" year for the Juniors.

Bandmaster Slatter is again in charge of the Bugle Band, which promises to show even better results than last year. Four new bugles have been added this year. Colonel Cantley, of Nova Scotia, has kindly presented the Corps with a set of six pipes, and the boys are now being trained by Pipe-major Frazer, of the 48th Highlanders.

Everything seems to point to a very good year, the spirit in the whole organization being exceptionally fine. More advance work should be covered than formerly, as drills commenced six weeks earlier than on previous years.

E. SOOT (Capt.).

UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

A great acquisition, and a source of comfort to masters and boys alike, is the new Library and Recreation Room. Old Boys will be interested to hear that the old IVA class-room (No. 1) has been adapted to this purpose. A fine fireplace is installed and the adornment of the walls, as well as many other touches due to Mrs. Macdonald's good taste, give the place a home-like appearance. It is proving a godsend on wet afternoons and on Sundays and half-holidays when there is "nothing doing" outside.

We all congratulate Mr. Chapman heartily on the high honour which has been bestowed upon him in his election as Hon. Associate of the Royal Life Saving Society. No less than forty-seven of Mr. Chapman's pupils have obtained the bronze medal for proficiency in the noble art of life-saving. Our Prize List shows the success which has attended his efforts this year, both at Kagawong Camp and during the School year. Our football teams also know how much of their efficiency they owe to Mr. Chapman's untiring efforts on their behalf.

A very interesting lecture, illustrated by lantern slides taken by the lecturer himself, was given at the School on the evening of November 19th by Mr. L. B. Jackes, an Old St. Andrew's Boy, on the "Industrial Wonders of Niagara." Mr. Jackes led us in a very able and graphic way through the history of the Falls themselves, and went on to show how they came to be harnessed to man's use, finally taking us inside the great power-houses and explaining (we all tried to *look* as if we understood) how the energy of the cataract is transformed into the light and power we utilize every day in Toronto. Mr. Jackes' kindness in coming, and his skill as a lecturer, were very much appreciated by us and we hope to hear from him some time again.

The boys have undertaken this year to contribute twenty dollars weekly out of their pocket-money for patriotic purposes. A knitting machine has been purchased, and although the exact working thereof has not yet been mastered, we hope soon to have it in operation and taking the place of last year's bandage rolling as an effort to do our "bit" to help our fighting men.

Dr. Macdonald has been, we are sorry to say, in very poor health for the last few weeks, and has been obliged to absent himself from School to an extent very unusual indeed with him. We trust that the Christmas vacation will restore him completely and that he will allow himself to reap full benefit from a complete rest. The usual football dinner, meantime, has been postponed.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. N. McD. Allen, who has taken the place of Mr. Clayton. As we go to press Mr. Allen is, unfortunately, on the sick list. We wish him a speedy recovery



Future Champions.

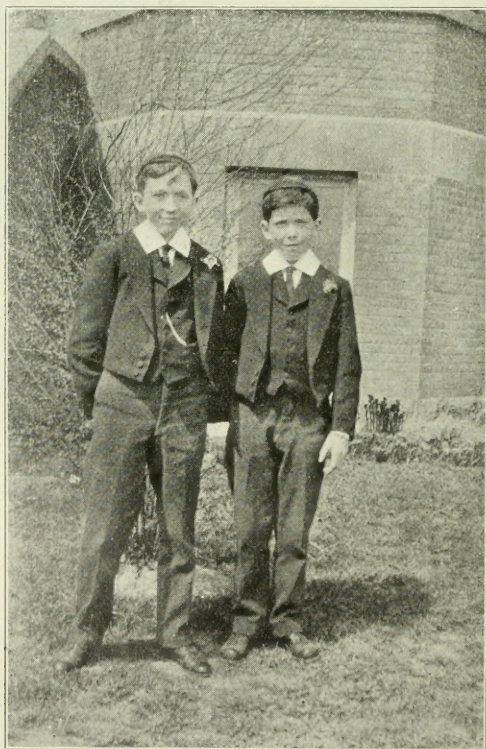
and return to his duties to his own satisfaction and the relief of his colleagues and pupils in the Lower School.

At Hallowe'en, Mrs. Furnival and Mrs. Montgomery entertained the Lower School Boarders at supper. Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald honoured the proceedings by their presence. The ingenuity

displayed in the devising of new games was equalled only by the enthusiasm with which everybody set to work to enjoy himself. The whole affair was a great success.

Music is going strong in the Lower School. There are performers on most of the better known musical instruments (including the bagpipes and the gramophone), but hitherto Mr. Blomfield has not succeeded in unearthing much vocal talent. Be quiet, Kent and Choppin!

In spite of many counter-attractions the Lower School has had a successful "soccer" season. The tournament, for which four teams were carefully chosen, produced some exciting matches. The keenness with which the teams turned out was very gratifying to those who organized them. Winning Team—Kent, Choppin, Skeaff, Blomfield I, Black I, Blomfield II, Findley I, Marsh.



A Pair of Black Kids.

Old Boys' News

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS AND MASTERS ON SERVICE

[We shall be grateful if friends will send us material of this kind for publication in our next number. Care is taken to withhold any references of a private nature.—EDITORS.]

THE VOYAGE OVER—A SUBMARINE CAUGHT

From Major Allan E. Taylor (now in France).

Shorncliffe, Aug.

. . . . It was a very interesting sight the last night when we were in the danger zone. Not a light showed anywhere on the ship, and every man slept on deck with his lifebelt beside him. . . . I stayed on the bridge till dawn, waiting for the escort, which was to meet us but never appeared, so that we had the unique experience of being the only troopship that has come through the danger zone without escort. We knew that something had gone wrong, because the Admiralty had wirelessly exactly where we were to meet the destroyers, and kept asking if we had met them. They also warned us that a submarine was waiting for us, going backwards and forwards across our path, so we put on all speed and zigzagged on our way. It appears the submarine missed us and got after a ship which the Allan Line sent along to follow us some miles behind. . . . We are encamped on a hill overlooking the sea, on the busiest part of the English Channel. We saw a German submarine rounded up and captured the other day in full view. About twenty destroyers appeared from nowhere suddenly and gradually drove it into the shore.

AN AIRMAN'S EXPERIENCE

From Flight Lieutenant J. Erroll Boyd, R.N.A.S., Interned in Holland.

. . . . I twisted my wrist and it is a little difficult to write, but I may tell you that I left Dunkirk on Sunday at 5 a.m. to drop bombs on Zeebrugge. I naturally was obliged to go well out to sea and up the coast that way to escape German observation and anti-aircraft batteries. I did this with a missing engine, and when nearing Zeebrugge I went right into hell and came into the line of their shells. They hit my machine five times; if I had had a passenger he would have been killed. My engine was hit twice, taking off a portion of the cylinder. When my engine was hit I was 15,000 feet in the air which, thank God, enabled me to glide into Holland under the most awful fire from the German batteries, landing in a beet field near Nieuwyliet. However, I dropped my bombs, and here I am, safe and sound. . . . It looks as if I must stay locked up here at the Fort till the end of the war.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SHELL-FIRE

From Lieut. C. E. Kilmer.

Trenches, Belgium, Sept. 26th, 1915.

We left England two weeks ago, and the first week after leaving England I'll never forget. The Battalion transport and machine gun section came to France a different way from the rest of the battalion. For three days we didn't seem to do anything but load and unload wagons and horses off boats and trains. Finally, after being shunted around most of France in cattle trucks we picked up the rest of the Battalion and came right up within fifteen miles of the firing line. Then we marched and marched until our feet nearly dropped off and were suddenly pitchforked into the trenches without any rest. We've been in here now for ten days, which is a pretty long time for the first time in the trenches. The regiments we relieved were all English regulars, and were apparently needed at some other part of the line.

* * * * *

The first day we were in the trenches . . . The Germans gave us quite a shelling with heavy shells, and the sensation is very painful. They sail these big coal boxes over three at a time and each one makes a hole over ten feet deep and about the same across. All you can do is to hug the trench as closely as possible and hope nothing lands near you. The worst of it is you can't even get a shot back at them.

A JOKE ON THE GERMANS

(From the same.)

Sept. 30th, 1915.

You've read about the big advance of the British and French by this time, I suppose. The morning it started we had some fun with the Germans. We were supplied with a lot of sand bags filled with straw and sulphur. At the time of the commencement of the artillery bombardment we lit them and heaved them out of our trenches. There was a nice breeze from behind us and it drifted the smoke nicely toward the German lines. The Germans thought they were being gassed and the excitement in their trenches was running pretty high. Their whole front line jumped up and blazed away at us. We all kept down and yelled at them instead of firing. It was rather comical seeing the effect of one of their own tricks on them, but they gave us a bad hour in the afternoon with shells.

By the time you get this the football season will be in full swing. I hope you hang it on U.C.C.; in fact, I think I'll go out and place a bit with some U.C.C. Old Boy. There are three or four of them in the machine gun section and we have some grand arguments.

AMBULANCE WORK

From Irvine Dymont.

"In the Field," Nov. 8th, 1915.

While out here I have often thought of the gridiron, the cricket creases and the hockey season, and when those thoughts come through me I give all credit to the sports and physical exercises that I had at S. A. C. for the physique which I maintain now, and one certainly needs the best of health "out here" to go through the hard and strenuous gruelling that we are put through, such as forced marches in any kind of weather, rain, shine or hail. This country is very muddy and wet. I

am speaking of Belgium and France. No matter where one walks they have to plough through mud up to their ankles and I can candidly tell you it's no fun with muddy boots from reveille till "lights out." Well, sir, in my next letter I'll try in my best words to describe to you for the COLLEGE REVIEW the life of the Red Cross at the Front. At present there has been very little doing, and consequently I haven't had much experience of collecting wounded; but, nevertheless, if my article will be acceptable I'll forward it to you. Don't for one minute think that we ambulance men never see the firing line, because we do and, in fact, all we have for protection is a stretcher, a 2½-inch knife and a box of safety matches.

BAPTISM OF FIRE

From Lieut. Maurice ("Mike") Malone.

In France, Nov. 13th, 1915.

It was a long journey and took us most of the day to complete it, although it was really not very far. About six o'clock we arrived at rail-head, that is the farthest place where the trains go. There we were met by an old familiar London bus. We climbed in and were taken to the Divisional headquarters. After reporting there we were again shipped to Brigade Headquarters. On our way we could see the German flare lights going up on three sides of us and an occasional boom in the distance. Here we have been ever since. We expect the regiment out to-night and then we will go into billets for four days and then back to the trenches for another four.

Yesterday Pete Campbell called around and took us up to the trenches. It is quite a long way up and we ploughed through all kinds of mud and wet. I had on a pair of big knee boots and the mud was right up to my calf. Just as we were going into the trenches our guns started in to roar. When our guns started first it scared the life out of you, but then you get to be able to distinguish the sound, and the boom of your own guns is really very pleasant. Then the Germans started in reply and we could hear their old coal boxes whining through the air like a lost soul. The Colonel told us that we were not needed for the present and so we started back. On our way back the old coal boxes were still whistling, so we had to keep our ears laid back for them. You can tell by the sound of them whether they are coming your way or not. If they don't change their tone you don't need to worry, but if they do change, well, if there isn't a convenient ditch handy to flop into you need not worry much either. Nevertheless we got back all right, only darn tired.

ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?

Front Lieut. Alec. Campbell.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 10th, 1915.

Just a few lines to say I am well. We are having a trying time on account of the rain, but the boys say, "Let it rain, long may she reign." All are happy and ready for anything. So far we have had no casualties in our column. The Germans, I think, are down-hearted—we are not. The country has been badly torn; some of the holes made by the big German shells are big enough to bury forty horses.

I have met a number of St. Andrew's College Old Boys and I can assure you that it is great to meet old friends. I met Doug MacKenzie, son of the Rev. Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, and Stan Thompson. MacKenzie is a despatch rider. He has had some trying times, but is game like all the boys. The Germans hate us like poison.

MARRIAGES

- BOWDEN, FRANK, Sept. 22nd, 1915, married to Miss Ruby Forfar, of Toronto.
- CROWE, CAPT. J. A., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Zeta D. Myers, of Winnipeg.
- DAVISON, F. H., Sept. 1st, 1915, married to Miss Josephine Margery Wyman, of Bridgewater, N.S.
- DICKSON, IVAN W., Sept. 2nd, 1915, married to Miss Helen London, of London, Eng.
- GEGGIE, THOS. P., Sept. 14th, 1915, married to Miss Sarah R. E. Johnston, of Toronto.
- MCCARTER, GORDON E., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Ethel Phyllis Hyslop, of Toronto.
- MASSEY, VINCENT, June 11th, 1915, married to Miss Alice Parkin, of Toronto.
- NASMITH, LIEUT. D. W., Nov. 11th, 1915, married to Miss Eva Muriel Kennedy, of Toronto.
- WHEELER, N. O., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Marguerite Isabella King, of Toronto.
- WILSON, A. G., Nov. 20th, 1915, married to Miss Edna Dorothy Tobey, of Woodstock.

BIRTHS

- GOODERHAM, CAPT. M. S., Oct. 16th, 1915, a son.
- GILL, R. J., birth of a son.

NOTES

We received a visit during the term from Major C. L. Cantley, an Old Boy and Master of S. A. C., and brother of our present Head Prefect. Major Cantley was all through the fighting at Ypres last Spring, and has been recalled from the front by the War Office to help in munition work, owing to the value of his exceptional knowledge of steel.

A conspicuous figure among the spectators at our football matches this season was the burly form of Capt. R. B. S. Burton.

Severely wounded at Ypres, where his company was left "in the air" on the occasion of the enemy's first use of poison-gas, he made a wonderful recovery, thanks to skilful surgery, and is now attached to Gen. Lessard's Staff here.

Lieut. "Dug" Cotton (S.A.C. 1901-1905) is also in town on leave from the front. He was the only man of the Queen's Own Machine-gun Section to come through at Ypres unscathed. He was afterwards wounded in action. According to Capt. Burton, "if any man deserves the Victoria Cross, it is Dug Cotton." Contemporaries of Burton and Cotton will remember their prominence in College athletics.

We are proud of the distinction conferred on another Old Boy, Capt. H. F. Hertzberg awarded the Military Cross at Ypres, where he was seriously wounded. He returned from hospital in England to duty, and had recently the high honour of attending His Majesty the King when he visited the trenches.

The great value and efficiency of the training given in the School Cadet Corps is illustrated by the case of Lieuts. "Bud" Brown and "Mike" Malone, so recently with us, and who have found their way to the fighting line so rapidly. They were at once marked out last Spring as officers of exceptional merit in the University Corps, and on proceeding to England quickly obtained their transfers from the 12th Reserve to the 15th Battalion at the front (the 48th Highlanders, our own Regiment). Arnold Davison, who is in the same battalion, writing to the Headmaster recently, spoke gratefully of the splendid foundation-work he had received in the S. A. C. Cadet Corps.

CONGRATULATIONS:

Allen W. Ker (9th Field Battery), promoted Lieutenant.

"Buck" Saunders, promoted Lieutenant.

Olaf Hertzberg (1st Toronto), promoted Lieutenant.

(There must be many other names which should be added here, of which we have no information at present.—Eds.)

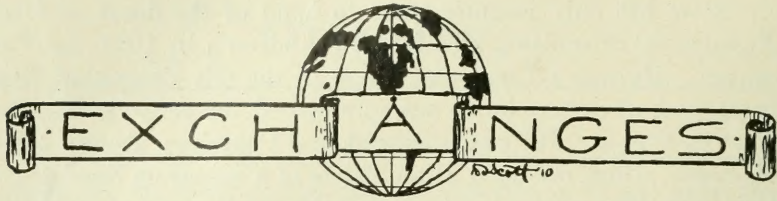
Obituary

An event which has come home to the School with particular sadness was the death of the familiar companion of last year, the popular leader of our orchestra and pianist in Chapel, Lieut. LESLIE A. HYDE. It occurred on October 25th. The cause was blood poisoning of unknown origin, contracted in England, where he had gone with his Battery in the Canadian Field Artillery, from whose ranks he had only recently been promoted to a commission in the Royal Horse Artillery. The following touching appreciation of Lieut. Hyde, written by his Brigade Commander to the bereaved parents, fitly expresses the feeling of all of us who knew him:—"I cannot tell you" (writes Major Bailey), "how very deeply I sympathize with you in your great loss, and how much I personally feel the snatching away from among us of one who was so keen and capable, and so much liked by all who met him. He had not been under me very long, but on the very day he was taken ill I congratulated the officer who selects the R. H. A. officers on the excellent type of man he had sent me from the Canadian artillery ranks, and asked him to send me as many of such splendid material as he could."

Another of our Old Boys who met with an untimely fate before reaching the Front was the late Lieut. GEORGE REESE KAPPELE, who attended St. Andrew's College from 1903 to 1907, passing from us into Toronto University. He was called to the Bar in 1912, and in 1915 obtained his commission in the Cycle Corps of the 2nd Contingent. He was accidentally shot last July.

RALPH EWART HERALD, who was a student at St. Andrew's College in 1910-1911, left here to live in Vancouver, and enlisted in that city in the 16th Battalion, and was killed in April in the terrible fighting at Ypres. News of his death only reached us recently, and we have received no particulars.

News has only recently come to hand of the death of Capt. FREDERICK BUSCOMBE, who left St. Andrew's in 1911 for Vancouver. He was a Lieutenant there in the 6th Vancouver Regiment, and when war broke out volunteered for active service and went to France. He was promoted to a Captaincy shortly before his death, which occurred at the hands of a sniper on the night of June 18th when engaged in attending the burial of one of the fallen. The Chaplain, who was with him at the time, writes, in words which must have brought great comfort to the bereaved:—"It was then 3.10 a.m., and getting clear daylight when we got to the grave. We said the Lord's Prayer together, and then I said the Committal and was about to say Amen, when a rifle cracked and I heard a gasp. Looking round, I saw Bob on the ground. He was only a step away from me. . . . Bob opened his eyes and pressed my hand, but I do not think he felt anything or knew what hit him. The bullet went through his heart. The last words he uttered were words of prayer. The last work he performed was, perhaps, the most trying for a soldier, but he did it nobly. . . . He was admired and honoured by officers and men. No one but had a good word for him. He and I were close friends. Personally, I felt that in him there was so much to lose for his manly, Christian, pure character."



We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges, and regret that owing to pressure of space we are only able to make special mention of a few:—

Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, University of Toronto); *Argosy* (Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.); *Ashburian* (Ashbury College, Ottawa); *Bishop Bethune College Magazine* (Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.); *Boone Review* (Boone University, Wuchong, China); *Carlisle Arrow* (Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.); *Chautauquan Daily* (Chautauquan Institute, Chautauqua, N.Y., U.S.A.); *The Chronicle* (Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A.); *The Elevator* (Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.); *Hilltop* (Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.); *L.W.L. Life* (Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, 16th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.); *Purple and Gray* (College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.); *The Queen's Journal* (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.); *The Ramble* (New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.); *Red and White* (Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill., U.S.A.); *Scotch Collegian* (Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia); *Record* (Trinity College, Port Hope, Ont.); *Windsorian* (King's College School, Windsor, N.S.); *Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.); *Tech. Monthly* (Tech. High School, Scranton, Pa.); *Daedalian* (Denton, Texas).

Trinity College School Record, with its excellent accounts of school events, shows that your staff must be hard and efficient workers. Why not add more interest, though, with a few skits and stories by the fellows?

L.W.L. Life.—We are pleased again to see this well-edited school paper. The stories are first-rate and the snaps and sketches round off the magazine effectively.

Argosy.—Your articles are clever and literary. One misses, however, snaps and sketches of actual school life.

The Windsorian.—This is a publication of much interest to us, as some of our fellows come from Eastern Canada. Why not add a few snaps, etc.?

Acta Victoriana.—We should like to see a photo of your clever editorial staff to make the magazine still more attractive. Your war stories are especially admired.

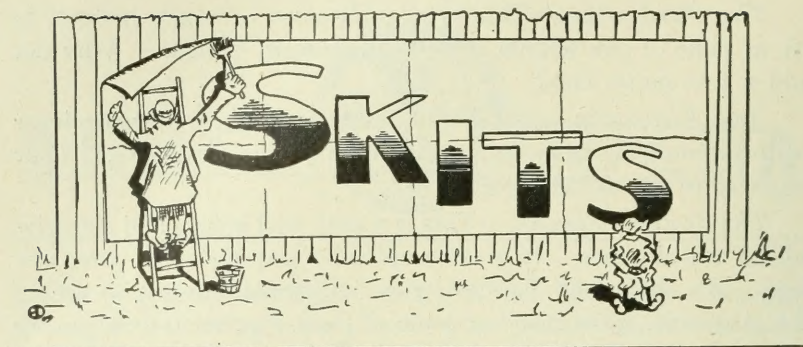
The Scotch Collegian.—This is a very well got-up and cleverly-edited school-paper. It gives a splendid impression of your college. We shall look forward with additional interest to seeing the magazine, since meeting some of your representatives among the Australian Cadets who visited Toronto recently.

Carlisle Arrow.—We are always very glad to hear from you and learn of your school. A very interesting number.

G. E. WHITAKER.



The General Staff at Work.



These jokes, they may be mouldy,
 And should be on the shelf;
 But if you do not like them
 Please hand in a few yourself.—*Ex.*

Wallace—"What's the best way to raise potatoes?"
 Soot—"With a knife and fork."

McLeod to Soot—"Say, if you had appendicitis, would they
 operate or blast?"

Mr. Findlay—"What do you think of Tennyson's style?"
 Bole—"Oh, not bad."

Glaucus's Ironsides—the Third Team.

He was wandering aimlessly around in a department store
 when the floorwalker approached him.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man.

"Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of limousine, with heavy tread, and usually
 runs on low."—*Ex.*

An English teacher asks—"When you see ten or a dozen Fords
 proceeding together along the road (as you often find them), would
 you refer to them collectively as a string, a bunch, a school, a
 flock, a covey, a swarm, a troop, or a squadron?"—*Ex.*

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who discovered Australia?"

Johnston—"Robinson Crusoe."

Campbell—"I knew a man who was so self-conscious that he suffered from ingrowing sight."

Motto of Room 23—"If you can't smile, pretend you have a cracked lip."

Mr. Magee—"When did the revival of learning take place?"

Hutchings II—"Before the exams."

Am she gone? Are she went?

Have she left I all alone?

Can me never go to she?

Can her never come to me?

It cannot was!

Mr. Fleming—"How do you make a Maltese Cross?"

Voice from back of room—"Pull its tail, sir."

Definition—"An abstract noun is one that cannot be seen, heard, felt, touched or smelt."

Reporter—"How shall I handle this mad dog story?"

Editor—"Make it snappy."

It's sort of queer, isn't it, that April can't March, but June May?

Rankin—"Have you forgotten that nickel you owe me?"

McGregor—"No, not yet; give me time!"

Johnston—"Hush, I'm disguised."

Brouse—"How so?"

Johnston—"I changed my mind!"

May (translating) Haec in Gallia importantes—"Hike into Gaul; it's important."

Cameron II—"Do you think I could do anything with my voice?"

Soot—"Well, it might be useful in case of fire."

"My man, where did you become such an excellent swimmer?"

"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."—*Ex.*

Wright—"What is an oyster?"

Firstbrook—"Dunno."

Wright—"A fish built like a nut."

Little drops of acid,
Little chunks of zinc,
Dropped into a test tube
Make an awful—odour. !—*Ex.*

Cantley—"Are you the trained nurse they said was coming?"

Nurse—"Yes, I'm the trained nurse."

Cantley—"Well, let's see some of your tricks, then."

A boy, being asked which of the Biblical parables he liked best, answered—"That one where somebody loafs and fishes."—*Ex.*

Suitor (waiting for the lady)—"Is your daughter coming out next winter?"

Father—"She'll come out when she's good and ready, and if you git fresh I'll knock yer block off."—*Ex.*

Mr. Laidlaw (catching Roger in Reservoir Park)—"What are you doing here?"

Roger—"Admiring the beauties of nature, sir."

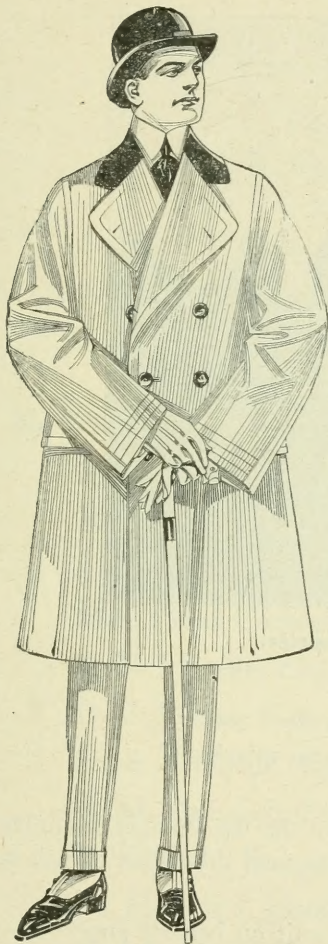
Mr. Laidlaw—"Have many gone by?"

Grant—"What do you call a guy who drives an auto?"

Watson—"It depends on how near he comes to me."

Wanted: Man with large ears to fan soup.—Apply Comstock Cafeteria Co.

Hickey's Is a Better Clothes Store This Season Than It Ever Was Before



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THIS store always progresses—standing still is going backward—and we never stand still.

FINE as were our past season displays, you'll find still finer suits and overcoats here this season—finer in style, in value, in pattern, and in all round worthiness.

YOU'LL need Winter clothes mighty soon—the sooner you see ours the more you'll see. Specially fine display of suits at \$12.50 to \$25.00, and overcoats at \$12.50 to \$35.00.

English Haberdashery for Men

HICKEY'S

Clothes, Haberdashery - - 97 Yonge Street

Mr. Robinson—"Now, boys, I will translate the passage. Ask questions if you don't understand"—(reading)—"*Hic Rhodanus vado transitur*: Here the Rhone is crossed by a ford."

Boy—"Sir, I didn't know they were discovered then, sir."



The Trumpeter.

Joe—"Have you taken a bath?"

Young 'un—"Why, is there one missing?"

Insult was added to injury when the the Puritan Laundry sent back Soot's pyjamas, with a note saying, "We don't wash tents."

He (ardently)—"I press my suit on bended knee."

She (icily)—"Haven't you an ironing board?"—*Ex.*

Choppin—"When is a hat not a hat?"

Boyd—"Don't know?"

Choppin—"When it becomes a woman."

St. Andrew's College

TORONTO

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"He's a society man, *n'est ce pas?*"

"How so?"

"See how beautifully he rolls his Bull Durham."

A lady as proud as old Lucifer,
Is tired of her husband's abucifer,
She says she will see,
If she ever gets free,
Love doesn't again make a gucifer.

School No. 4 usually began the day with a discussion of current events and items of world interest.

"Do you know any current events to-day?" asked the teacher, brightly.

One little boy raised his hand excitedly.

"Well, Jake," encouraged the teacher.

"They shot a lady in the C.P.R. yards yesterday for stealing coal."—*Ex.*

Comstock will now favour us with a selection entitled—"Cafeteria Rusticana."

Willoughby—"Why are King and Queen Streets like day and night?"

Rose—"Dunno."

Willy—"Because they meet at Don and Sunnyside."

A WAR MENU.

Fish—Sword-fish, in the shell.

Meat—Taube pie.

Vegetables—Potatoes à la French. Brussels routs.

Drinks—Campaign, orangeade, cannonade, navy tobacco, Turkish delight, baynut salad, spear-mint gum.

Dessert—Battery pudding.

Bill Cameron—"When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?"

Moseley—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

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The high quality of our merchandise is too well known to need comment, and our prices are uniformly reasonable.

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Rankin, to girl over 'phone—"Will your tea on Sunday be a formal affair?"

Girl—"Oh, no. Just wear your everyday blouse and short pants."

Roger (to cabman)—"Will you drive me to Yonge Street, please?"

Cabby—"I haven't a harness here that will fit you."

"Non paratus," dixit Rankin,
Rising, with a troubled look.
"Sic est semper," dixit Master;
Scripsit nihil in the book.

She—"Oh, Charles, it is so cold! I would like to have something around me."

He—"What would you care to have?"

She—"Oh, anything—"

And the yap brought her a shawl.—*Ex.*

New day-boy—"Oh, dear. I left my note-book in school with my lunch in it."

A coloured man complained to the storekeeper that a ham which he had purchased there was no good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, Boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The coloured man scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested: "Well, sah, den it must hab had a relapse."—*Ex.*

"Bobby," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," answered Bobby; "water and a baby."—*Ex.*

Whitaker—"What's a cowardly tomato?"

Grant—"Couldn't guess."

Whitaker—"One that hits you and runs."

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What a boy like yourself did in Wall Street, and why he got out of it. A cracking good love story too. Price \$1.25.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, TORONTO

Frith—"I can read minds."

Cameron II—"Ken yuh read mine?"

Frith—"Certainly."

Cameron II—"Well, why don't yuh hit me, then?"

Of two evils, choose the prettier.—*Ex.*

Mr. Findlay in Lower VI—"We have *two bits* to memorize in this poem, boys, but I am afraid it will be more than a *quarter*."

"Pork" Davies on street car—"Do you want my ticket?"

Conny—"You don't think you can travel on that face, do you?"

Mr. Detwiler (passing along hall)—"Who's making all that noise in there?"

Morrison—"That's Comstock calling up Brockville."

Mr. D.—"Why doesn't he use the 'phone?"

Beer—"What's the difference between the North and South Pole?"

McLaurin—"Dunno."

Beer—"All the difference in the world."

Girl (reading letter from brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him."

Old lady—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear."

Yuill I—"Now that you have quarreled with her, are you going to make her send back all your letters?"

Yuill II—"You bet I am. I worked hard over those letters. They are worth using again."

Dack (entering hotel)—"Is this the bar-room?"

Bartender—"Yes."

Dack—"I want a bar of soap."

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perience and success speak
for themselves.

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LIMITED

BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Cholly (to shopman)—“I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?”

Shopman—“Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window anytime, sir.”

Cholly—“Thanks, awfully, old top. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good-mawning.”—*Ex.*

“How are you getting along at college, Percy?”

“Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know.”

“Well, heaven knows, you need one!”

Bole—“I'm going to start a bank, and run it on a new system.”

Wood—“Howzat?”

Bole—“Charge storage on the money you deposit.”

Two Lower School boys were standing in front of a movie-show, and noticed on the posters: “Here to-day. Eugene Forde, Francis Ford and Sterling Ford.”

First boy—“My, this must be a jitney stand.”

Cadet Officer—“At the command ‘Form Fours’ you will take a step to the back with the rear foot and a pace to the side with the fore foot, at the same time raising both feet a smart twelve inches from the ground.”

Lectures for the coming literary season are as follows:—

Watson—“Woman, the Cause of Man's Troubles.”

Cosgrove—“The life of a Bell Hop,” or, “Being a Fresh New boy.”

Comstock—“Slinging Hash in a Cafeteria.”

Taylor I—“Looking for the Guy who invented Work.”

Cantley—“The Art of keeping Crutches from Skidding.”

Lawson—“I see the Kaiser has ordered four million pairs of pyjamas.”

Kent—“Why?”

Lawson—“So his army can retire.”

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2nd Floor, Kent Bldg.

Cor. Yonge & Richmond Sts.

Turnbull (going from room to room before the cross-country)
"Anybody lend me a large-sized calendar?"

Calvert—"What do you want one for?"

Turnbull—"Oh, I just want to get Harris's time when he runs around the course."

JOE TAYLOR.

SOCIETY NOTES

McGREGOR—WALLACE.

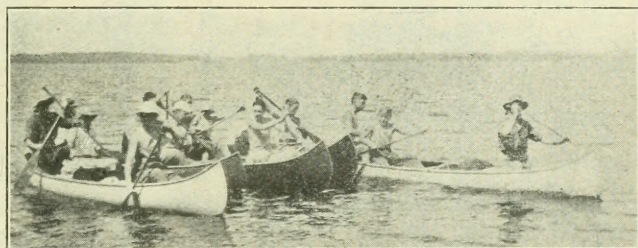
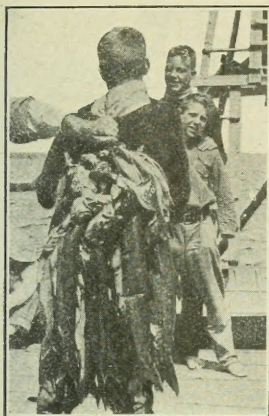
The wedding of Mr. Sookes McGregor and Miss Sneed Wallace was solemnized in the sumptuous rooms of the palatial St. Andrew's Apartments, under the direction of Rev. Casaret McNulty, whose grave demeanour marked him out as the natural undertaker of the ceremony. At two p.m. the wedding party jitneyed up and stampeded for the platform. Mr. McNulty hitched the couple in a few words, and left early to escape the inevitable rice and vegetable-throwing.

The bride's hair was upholstered in the latest fashion and she carried a full bunch of heliotripe in her left mitt; her train of cheesecloth was held by two dainty safety-pins, and she wore a Cooper creation of berceuse-pyjama effect. The groom's present to the best man, Mr. Skinnem Rolph, was a package of C.P.R. toothpicks. Various missiles were thrown at the happy couple as they left the church, tomatoes and eggs having a most pronounced effect.

A reception was held in the bride's apartments later in the afternoon, the catering being done by the Comstock Cafeteria Co.; only one kick against the eats was registered, and it came from Count Lorient, who complained that the gravy on the roast beef didn't match his vest. The groom, his voice choking with emotion and ginger ale, proposed a toast to the bride, and this concluded the festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor left immediately for Port Credit and other intermediate resorts, where they will stay while the money hangs out. On their return Mr. McGregor will resume his janitorial duties in Child's, and will take a correspondence course on "How to become a civilized engineer." He has undoubtedly a great future behind him.

JOE TAYLOR.



Over 50 Boys Enrolled 1915

S. A. C. Boys Who
Attended 1914-1915

Boy	Years Attended
A. Beer	1
J. Dack	3
J. Darroch	1
M. Foster	1
H. Home	1
L. Home	1
J. Lawson	1
E. Lowndes	4
G. Lumbers	1
J. McDougall	1
D. McCarter	4
R. McLaughlin	1
L. Nerlich	3
V. Nerlich	3
L. O'Dell	4
H. O'Dell	4
G. Patterson	1
D. Patterson	1
E. Rolph	2
D. Ross	3
C. W. Travis	2
H. Willoughby	1
H. Watson	1

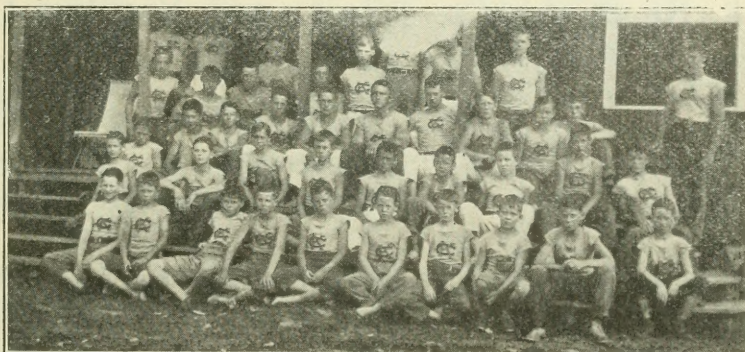
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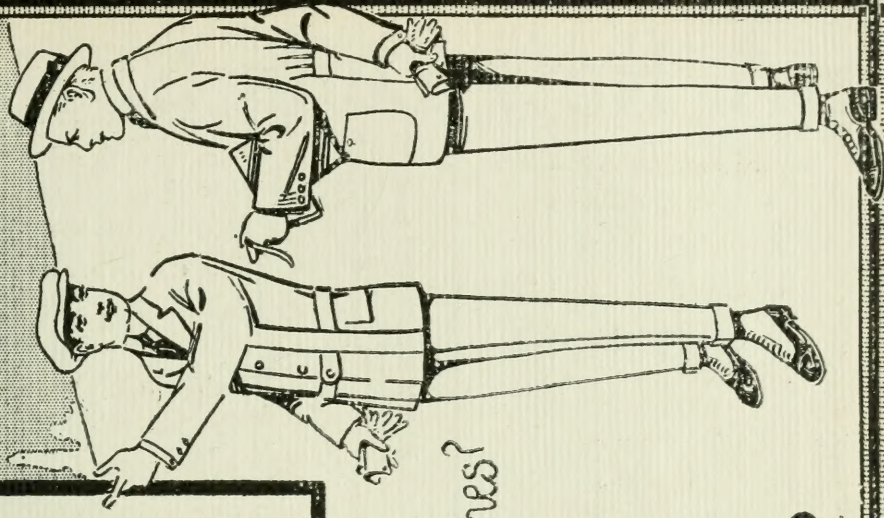
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